

MERRY ENGLAND.

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Filippini.

THE third Centenary of the death of St. Philip Neri occurs in the May of next year; and already thoughts are beginning to be busied about its commemoration. In England the event will be signalised betimes by the reissue of the Life of the Saint, written in Italian by Cardinal Capecebatro, and translated into English by Father Pope—two volumes issued in 1882 by Messrs. Burns and Oates, and long out of print. Of all biographies of the Saint this is the most satisfactory. Indeed, if a Saint be ever fortunate in his biographer, then St. Philip Neri may be credited with rare fortune. A spiritual son of St. Philip, Alfonso Capecebatro, was formerly Superior of the Oratory at Naples. He is now Archbishop of Capua and a Cardinal. What he will be, gossip has lately busily declared; but we care not to idly prophesy. This biographer apologises to readers who may find his biography disproportionate—since, because he wrote “often in gloom and sadness,” he has dwelt overmuch on the mystical and ascetical subjects. “My life,” he tells us, “has not been without great sorrows, great troubles, and many vanished illusions.” Our own readers are familiar with the gentle and sensitive face of this Prince of the Church; for his portrait, some three years ago, companioned

in our pages an article on the Social Question he communicated to us through the hand of Cardinal Manning, his true brother, not in title only, but in spirit. And if the Saint is fortunate in his biographer, not less so is the biographer in his English interpreter, another son of St. Philip, inheriting withal that saving literary instinct which the Saint himself possessed, and which has made the Oratories of London and Birmingham illustrious as those answering Oratories formed by the Saint himself in Rome and at Naples.

Cardinal Capecelatro brings to his task not merely a sensitive personality. He brings, despite his apology for a contrary defect, an admirable sense of proportion and balance. He brings, moreover, that all-important apprehension of the world's continual evolution which enables him to judge a Saint by his environment, and to see the spirit behind the act, the spirit that is of immortal truth, the act that is fashioned by the fleeting moment and takes shape from shifting conditions. Modern writers, as the Cardinal claims, study the relations in which the Saint stood to his own time and country, and "strive to exhibit them as the changed conditions of society demand." Modern society has parted company with the Saints we love, partly because of what may be called the inhuman method of their presentation to the world by their biographers. Our hearts ache over this estrangement, says the Cardinal, and he contrives a different scheme. He would show that a great Saint is also a great man; a great servant of God necessarily a great servant of earth: "If we have come to look habitually on the Church in its action on human society, it is surely a great advantage that writers of Lives of the Saints should follow this method too."

In accordance with his method, Cardinal Capecelatro gives a picture of the Christendom into which the Saint was born. His life nearly fills the sixteenth century, as Cardinal Newman's nearly filled the nineteenth. He was born early in it, and he died

late. Fifteen Popes, from Leo X. to Clement VIII., passed away during his long life ; but not all of them together left on the Church the impress which St. Philip Neri made—the impress by which we know Christendom now from Christendom then, and glory in the difference. The re-paganising of the world, nominally Christian, had gone wide and deep. Cardinal Capecelatro gives a summary of the situation :

In the Middle Ages, indeed, the great pagan writers had been held in high honour ; but then men strove to harmonise them with Christianity, or read them in the light spread over the world by the Word of God. And this most reasonably ; for it is the Word of God that enlightens every man, and every gleam of light comes from Him, even though it shone before His coming upon earth. In the sixteenth century, on the contrary, such was the fever of paganism in Europe, and in Italy especially, that nothing seemed worthy of praise or esteem that was not pagan. And so every good tradition of the Middle Ages was shattered. No prince could hope to be called great, except in so far as he imitated some prince or hero of Greece or Rome. The man who loved liberty must be a Brutus or a Gracchus. History, disdaining the modest lowliness of the old chronicles, and aspiring to be something great, must be the copy of Thucydides, or Livy, or Tacitus. Plato was studied more than the Gospels. The Divine wisdom seemed bare and poor in comparison with that of the great philosopher whose highest utterances were yet, in truth, but dim adumbrations of it. A man could not be held learned unless he knew Greek better than his mother-tongue ; no eloquence could charm or rouse if it did not servilely copy the periods of Demosthenes and Cicero. And the copying the exquisite forms of the ancient classics was not enough ; men must think their thoughts and feel with their tastes. The Bible itself, in the judgment of the men of that time, was worthless in comparison with the old writers ; so that Bembo, who yet was a Cardinal and Secretary to Pope Leo, writes to Sadolet, also a Cardinal and Secretary of the Pope, and a man in many ways worthy of respect, urging him to abandon the Epistles of St. Paul, lest their barbarous style should injure his own ; and concludes, speaking of those sacred writings : “ Let alone all that rubbish, unworthy of a serious man.” And yet, merely as a question of literature, there is in the writings of St. Paul a simplicity, an energy, a life, a

colour, a transparency of Divine beauty, which we look for in vain in the ancient writers. Nor is this all. Cardinal Bembo did not blush to introduce pagan superstitions into Ecclesiastical language, in his anxiety not to forsake classic forms. He writes of St. Francis that he was received into Heaven among the gods ; and that a Christian, dying and contrite, had appeased the gods above and the gods below. To take the air and tone of the classic writers, it seemed to him a befitting thing to risk, or to set aside, the unity of God.

The men of the sixteenth century do not cast off the faith of Jesus Christ, but they love and honour paganism ; they profess themselves sons of Jesus, poor and humble of heart, and they extol the haughty virtues of heathendom, and pride themselves in them ; they adore the Son of Mary ever Virgin, and yet glory in their own foul shame. Macchiavelli, for instance, who seems to many an inexplicable contradiction, raises the worst corruptions of his time into principles of political rule ; yet he does not give up the profession of Christianity, but dies, as his son tells us, receiving the Last Sacraments as a devout Catholic. In a word, men had often been, even in past ages, pagans in their lives, and Christians in their habits of belief : in the sixteenth century they began to be pagans and even Atheists in philosophy, and Christian in religion ; pagans in literature and art, even while professing, in regard of religion, principles which formally contradict all paganism. Nay, they went still further, and began to teach that one and the same thing might be true in philosophy and false in theology ; that is to say, that truth, which is of its very nature simple and one, might oppose and contradict itself. Even Leo X. shows us, in his life and in his excessive condescension and indulgence towards the philosophers and literary men of his time, and in the few attempts he yet made towards a real reform of the Church, that twofold aspect of the sixteenth century which we must always bear in mind if we would read its history aright.

Such was the Christendom into which were born St. Philip Neri, St. Ignatius, St. Charles Borromeo. Such was the "mind" of the Church at the moment, as evidenced by the daily tone of ecclesiastics and laymen ; and such the "mind" that the Saints set themselves, with sentiments of mingled indignation and meekness, to change.

Of course, the rise of Protestantism comes into any con-

sideration of the life of St. Philip Neri. He was present at the making of Protestantism, as his great sons in England may be said to have witnessed its decay or transformation. Cardinal Capecelatro takes Luther, as he takes St. Philip, in connexion with his time and place. The "Higher Critics" of Scripture, who set forth that the early heroes of the Old Testament were less individuals than personifications of a period of the world's history, might almost have spared their pains. Is not every individual that? Luther was nothing as Luther. To-day he would be nothing; and nothing he would have been a thousand years or two thousand years ago. As the spokesman of his particular age and country, as the creation of local circumstance, and the culmination of local principles, and the representative of a large class, he had his importance. The views of an Italian Cardinal on this point are particularly interesting reading for the peoples of countries affected by the revolt of which Luther is the accident:

There were not wanting then, never have there been wanting in the Church, wise and holy men to whose hearts this state of things was a bitter grief. Side by side with frightful immorality and enervated discipline was an earnest, eager desire that both should be reformed. But this yearning for reform did not touch the dogmas and the discipline appointed by Jesus Christ, which are in their very nature irreformable; it came from a charity that was gentle and humble, in everything submissive to the Hierarchy of the Church, and, above all, to him who holds in it the place of Christ. I am not speaking of the earnest and saintly words with which, at an earlier time, the austere and gentle St. Bernard urged this holy reformation; nor will I do more than point to the daring, and in some respects deplorable, attempt at reform made by Savonarola, an attempt which failed because of the too eager impetuosity and ill-regulated zeal of the terrible Friar, and because the corruption of the times was too great. Of this we shall have occasion to speak in the sequel. But it is important to remember how eager was this longing for a holy reform from the middle of the fifteenth century, precisely at the moment of the perilous transition from the Middle Ages to modern times. In the times of Eugenius IV., who died about the middle of that

century, Cardinal Cesarini roused the soul of the Pontiff by showing him how very grave were the disorders of the Church, and how urgent the need of reform. "The immorality of the German clergy," he said, "excites the hatred of the people against the whole Ecclesiastical order; and if it be not checked there is great reason to fear that the laity will rise against the clergy after the fashion of the Hussites, as they already threaten to do. . . . All are looking eagerly out for what is to come to pass, and everything forbodes a tragical ending. They no longer conceal their rancour against us. The little veneration for the priestly Order which still remains will soon be quite gone; the blame will be cast on the Court of Rome as the cause of all these evils." Then, in the tone of a prophet, he adds: "I see already the axe laid to the root of the tree; it bends, and instead of recovering itself as it still might, it crashes down to the ground . . . bodies will perish as well as souls. God takes from us the very power to see our perils, as He is wont to do when He would punish; the fire is kindled and we are casting ourselves into it." These terrible words show the state of the Church at that time. Although following Pontiffs turned their attention towards reforms, and although the Lateran Council, which was closed by Pope Leo just before the outbreak of the heresy of Luther, made various canons for the reform of discipline and of the morals of the clergy, it is nevertheless certain that the disorders of the Church were then most grave, not in Germany only, but in Italy and in Rome itself. In the full splendour of letters and arts, while Rome was growing stately and beautiful in the hands of Bramanti, Michel Angelo, Raphael, and Giulio Romano; while Poliziano, Casa, Bembo, Mureto, and Manuzio, by their genius and their writings, gave lustre to the Church and to Italy, in the very heart of Christendom there lay smouldering an appalling conflagration. The glory and the brilliance of the Pontificate of Leo X., following upon the terrible and daring exploits of Julius II., clothed Christendom with beauty, but not with that light which is its life and its prime adornment. As when a storm is about to burst, the sky is lurid and black, and here and there through the firmament keen lightnings quiver without crash of thunder, and an ominous uneasiness comes upon all living things, so was it then in the Church of God. The heresy of Luther burst forth like a hurricane, rending the unity of the Church, and kindling a fire which still burns on in our own day. The disaster seemed unexpected, and yet was not so; for the dark heavy vapours

from which the storm burst forth had been long gathering over Christendom.

A new movement towards independence of thought had begun long before Protestantism, as a natural consequence of the altered condition of the times, of the new direction thought had taken, and of the fresh expansion of intellectual energy which had followed. To stay this movement was impossible, and, even if possible, would have been wicked and injurious. To control it and keep it in harmony with Christianity was the duty of every good Christian, and of those especially who bear authority in the Church, and whom Jesus Christ appointed to be the salt of the earth, the lights of the world. We shall see presently what the Church did, and especially what the Popes did, to attain this end ; it was not little, though unbelievers feign, as is their wont, to ignore it. But what did the haughty reformer Luther to gain this end ? He accepted the independence of reason, but in accepting it he sacrilegiously transferred it from the natural order to the supernatural. In the natural order, and within its own limits, this independence might confer, and did confer, immense benefits on the Church, on civilisation, and on modern society. No one denies this. But would it not have done this, and done it better, if it had been restrained within its own limits ? By overstepping them it brought with it confusion and ruin. Cannot human reason have a just and equitable independence in human sciences without being independent and supreme in those which are Divine ? Who will maintain that in order to its freedom in things which have to do with the finite, it must be either absolutely or equally free in the sciences which have to do with the Infinite ? Who can prove that the minute and ever active analysis which has broken up the visible world into fragments, and thus enriched the natural sciences, and bestowed on our civilisation so many blessings in the natural order, is not possible unless it can be employed by every one on religion, on its several doctrines, on every word of the Bible, which is its foundation ? Can I not investigate any fact in chemistry or astronomy unless I am free to demand the reason and ground of all the deep mysteries of God—of those mysteries which my mind knows, not by their own light, but by the reflected light of the Word of God ? What a confusion between orders of truth so diverse ! What a strange mingling of religion and science ! In a word, without Luther, we should have had in their time Galileo, Leibnitz, Newton, and Kepler, and all the other great masters in natural science ; and we should have

escaped many of the moral and social losses our civilisation has sustained from the abuse of analysis.

But, although the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century was not in any way necessary to the historical development of Christianity or of civilisation, yet, when it came, the wise Providence of God made it subserve both. It was the will of God that that Reformation, which of itself only enlarged and inflamed the wounds of Christendom, should be both the incentive and the occasion for a holy and true reformation of morals and of discipline. The idea of reform which before Luther haunted individual hearts here and there, becomes after Luther universal and practical throughout the Church. And so the sixteenth century, in which Protestantism sprang up and grew strong, shows us a true, and holy, and complete reformation of the Church by the Church herself. The Council of Trent and its canons of reformation, the Popes with their zeal and their authority, Saints with the constraining might of their example and the unction of their words, concurred marvellously to effect the needed and desired reform; and if they did not altogether succeed, the fault must be laid in part to the difficulties of a new era, and to the corruption of man, who can harden himself against the mightiest efforts, and change into poison the most salutary remedies. And if the schism severed from the Church a very noble part of Europe, the Decrees of Trent healed what remained; so that, all things considered, the gain was greater than the loss.

We have no space to enter into the part played by the gentle Founder of the Oratorians in that great transformation scene which has evolved the Christendom of to-day from the Christendom of three hundred years ago. It was a noble and an enormous part; and it is being played still. The immediate family of St. Philip became extinct with St. Philip. But his spiritual family carries on his work—a work to which no completion will ever be vouchsafed in this world. We offer to the Fathers of the Oratory our congratulations on the event they are about to celebrate; and we offer equally to English readers our congratulations that once more Cardinal Capecelatro's monumental biography is to be placed within their reach.

A. C. OPIE.

The Story of a Week.

THIS is the story of a week, and Dickie shall be the hero of it. Perhaps this *rôle* should be Yvon's by right of age ; but as his is the sadder part in the story, he had better stand behind Dickie's happier personality. Tammie shall have the third place of importance. It is Esther to whom belongs the last. Dickie called her "Mother," and Yvon he called "Dads." A dictionary could not have supplied him with enough endearing words with which to address Tammie.

Dickie lived in a bed in a little room under the roof of a tall building behind Ludgate Circus. This, with two other rooms, was the home for which Esther had exchanged a lovely little cottage in the corn-country, one dark day many harvests back. Esther had long given up hope that Dickie's crippled legs would ever carry him again, even from one home-wall to another. Yet the shadows in her eyes and the lines on her forehead deepened day by day and year by year.

As for Tammie, he slept on Dickie's bed most days. The stars will tell you Tammie's haunts by night.

Sunday, which is the first day of our week, and the 25th of August, was not a thrilling day ; but it began pleasantly. Dickie had what he called a "negg" for breakfast, sharing it on scraps of bread with Tammie : and a negg in itself was a sufficiently rare and enjoyable event to be set as a landmark in the week. Esther ate a lonely breakfast in the one little sitting-room, kitchen, and workroom ; and set about getting dinner with whitening lips and strained eyes, while Dickie sang hymns

from his roost. It was Yvon who read Esther's unusual silence aright, when he made his first appearance that day—a pale, tired spirit, after a night of haunting dreams.

He did not take it ill that he should cook the meagre Sunday dinner. But Esther, set free from her household duties, attended church (where her own tired soul could pour out all its heart-sick sorrow to listening Ears). Esther carried away as wild and white a face as that which had glided about between the cupboard and the fireplace before Yvon's kindly interference.

"Won't *you* come to church?" Esther had whispered to her husband, and fiercely, with her soul's hunger for his shining out of her eyes. When the gambler only gently smiled, Esther, as if suddenly stung, cried back: "If you should die, Yvon! Oh! do you never think to save your soul!"

"If I have had a soul," replied Yvon, to that, carelessly yet low (not for a world's wealth would he have had Dickie's hymn-singing disturbed by the jarring note!) "I have lost it. And if I die—I die. I am not afraid."

So Esther ran to church, being late, with her whitened face and a scalding tear in each eye.

"Dads!" called Dickie, imperiously, after awhile, from the other room, "d'ye know you're forgettin' to let me have a look how the puddin's cookin'! And I bet it'll be burnt to a cinder!"

Dickie's last thought that night was of Tammie, and how delicious it was to push and push your hands through Tammie's fur. Esther wept bitter tears into her pillow that only One knew of. But the gambler lay awake long after his wife and child were fallen asleep—in sorrow and joy—wondering how Esther's pure soul could fear death with a greater fear than his, who was an outcast among men, and lost in his own far-seeing sight.

It is not on record what happened in Esther's home on Monday, where she and Dickie spent a long day and evening

to themselves. We can guess what Yvon was doing. Very late that night he came back, and the silence of the shadowed home heard the bitter sound of a woman's despairing weeping.

"Fifty pounds," whispered Esther, a white, voiceless ghost. "You—you *shall* not pay it!" she cried, breaking forward passionately; "I will not let you this time!"

"It is a debt of honour," replied Yvon, with his cold, proud smile.

"Is it *honour* to rob your crippled child of every comfort, of necessities, to satisfy your own wicked lusts?" she cried back. And Yvon, because he loved Dickie still and knew himself to be unworthy to speak of him, winced, as he said again: "It is a debt of honour. You do not understand, Esther. It must be paid."

One cannot think, without great sorrow, upon the sad mystery of this existence. Yvon was gambler with every fibre of his body, every instinct of his soul. But he could not wholly kill conscience within, nor could he cut out from his breast those twin sisters of love and pity that stayed there only to torture and not to refresh his heart—the deathless love he bore for Dickie, and the pitiful pity only he could give to Esther. Since Esther first knew she was a gambler's wife she had never ceased to pray for Yvon's soul's deliverance; nor Yvon to fight against his thralldom, and fall, and fight, and fall—and fall. Because Esther, with her needle, could earn but little, and Yvon less; and because household expenses are inevitable in a home, the three rooms had grown emptier, the walls barer, with every pinching season.

It was on Tuesday that Esther, having earlier in the day coined the last but one of her domestic treasures, bade Yvon remember he was still an honourable debtor of twenty-five pounds sterling.

She said this, bitterly mocking the gambler's own bitter creed. And Yvon, drilling Tammie to salute and present arms

—for Dickie's joyous edification and Tammie's undisguised disgust—received coin and mockery in utter silence. Said Dickie, nestling in his mother's arms that night, when daylight and Yvon had gone together: "Does Dads want twenty-pounds very badly, Mother?"

Esther said "Yes," harshly; but Dickie, thinking very wisely, was not thinking of her.

His thoughts deepened as night fell, and the sky lit up its lamps. Tea-time, bed-time came and found him sunk still in brooding thought, and, passing, left him there. Staring out into the stars he lay very quiet, but not sleeping; only thinking thinking, thinking.

When the moon that was shining on harvests in the corn-country came to look in on Esther that night, it found her standing by her window, looking down on an old-fashioned miniature, set with brilliants. Something fell on it, glittering through the silver light—one star to many others in that high-up little room above Ludgate Circus. One of Tammie's pals, on an opposite roof, wondered how that bright, shining thing, had got down from the sky, to stay so still in the woman's hand.

I can only guess at the reason that turned Esther's feet next morning from that pawnbroker's shop, whose weary boards they had trodden more times than I care to count—to another, more distant and unknown. Twenty pounds were counted into her quivering fingers; and because there was a ball in her throat that stopped speech, the affable clerk, having paused three seconds for her name, suggested:

"Elizabeth Smith, I suppose!"

As if she had received a douche of icy water, Esther rallied. Her scarlet cheeks and her own passionately uttered name were something for that too affable clerk to marvel over, when she had fled from his insolent gaze.

"But Yvon wanted twenty-five pounds," thought Esther,

brushing away two fiery tears. "And I have nothing left in the world that I can change into money now."

Because it was the hot harvest month, Esther's heart flew back to the golden country of her golden youth, when Sin and Shame and Want and Despair were names and nothing more. She remembered again, pausing before the appalling traffic of the Circus, that Dickie could never gather that golden harvest in his hands as she was wont to do; since Yvon's sin was like a huge mouth that swallowed up all gains alike, returning them as dry dust and ashes.

"Dickie," said Esther, on her return, with dark marks painted round her eyes since morning. "Don't you be looking solemn any more over Dads's wants. He's always wanting things, isn't he? So it's nothing to worry over; and I've got nearly all the money."

"God only knows how I'll get the rest, though," muttered Esther, miserably, turning to thoughts of dinner for two, where food for one was not forthcoming.

"Mother!" called Dickie, breaking long silence after dinner. And when Esther appeared at the end of a battered saucepan: "This Tammie worrits me," he said, in an unrecognisable voice.

"Go to sleep, Dickie, a bit," replied Esther, wearily.

"But you *must* pay attention, *Mother!!!*" shouted Dickie after the retreating figure, white to his lips. "Tammie bothers me more than I can tell. There's no peace! What with his breathin', an' breathin', an' miauin' an' miauin'—an' the way he flops on my bed makes me savage! I've just got to *loathe* Tammie!" wound up Dickie, with increasing vigour of gesture and perfectly passionate eyes.

"I'll put him in his basket," replied Esther, "when I've done up. Dickie, you must wait."

"I won't," returned Dickie, in a strangled voice. "If *you* were sick of a thing as I am of Tammie——"

"Sick of Tammie!!!"

"It's always Tammie! It's Tammie at breakfast, it's Tammie at dinner, it's Tammie at tea, it's Tammie all night—with his great, fat, heavy body on my feet—perfectly unbearable! An' the way he breathes and breathes just gives me the jumps. Mother! Come here!" called out Dickie, in as harsh a voice Esther herself could use. "'Morrer's my birthday—I *know*! so you can't say it ain't."

"Yes, Dickie."

"Well—I'm goin' to ask a birthday favour aforehand, an' don't say 'No, Dickie,' to it, 'cause I *want* it! I want you to go right down and ask Mr. Fletcher to come an' pay me a visit this instant."

Esther flew to fulfil her autocrat's command. Dickie and the friendly grocer who lived on the ground floor shook hands in impressive silence.

"Thank God!" cried Dickie, hearing Esther slip out at last, in response to a customer's imperious note—"she's out of the way!"

And: "Mr. Fletcher," said he, breaking suddenly into his guest's lively conversation, "You always said you'd buy Tammie for five pounds."

"So I said, an' so I'll do," replied Fletcher.

"Then 'cause I've grown sick of Tammie, so's I can't bear him in my sight, I'll sell him now this instant."

When Fletcher had at last realised Dickie was in grim earnest in the unholy traffic, nor suspected anything of his agony, by reason of his supreme self-command; said Dickie, with an unperceived quaver:

"Now although I don't care for Tammie myself, you understand, Mr. Fletcher, I *think* Tammie's rather fond of me. An' as I wouldn't hurt his feelin's for worlds—for I believe he *is* fond of me, though I *can't* care for him—I'd better pat him once—before—you take him away."

Five minutes later Fletcher was staggering towards the

Mansion House Station, perspiring profusely under Tammie's weight. Dickie lay with his face to the wall; five sovereigns tucked inside his hot, clinched hand.

When Esther came in at tea-time Dickie's eyes—themselves supernaturally bright—read off recent tear-signs in the woman's. And Esther, breaking down at last, before his wistful wonder, had to sob out:

"M—m—mothers' miniature's gone now!"

"*Granny's !!!*" cried Dickie, in utter awe. "Oh, Mother! Mother!"

On Dickie's pillow Esther sobbed out: "Never mind, darling—we've got tw—tw—twenty pounds."

"An' I've five," said Dickie, in a spirit's whisper. "I've sold that botherin' old Tammie, at last, th-thank God . . . an' I'm cryin' for you, Mother, only for you, I *swear* it! As for myself, I'm glad ——"

Esther's piteous mouth wiped the lie off Dickie's lips.

It was very late that night, that one, coming out of Dickie's room, found Yvon in the kitchen, his arms flung on the table, his head buried in his arms. There was a new look on his face, when he raised it at her soft entrance—a look she had never seen there before. She remembered it long afterwards; but now she had no heart left whereon it could strike, and what it meant she was too weary to consider.

Stepping forward, she threw the twenty-five sovereigns on the table, and cried out: "There! pay your debt of honour!" And that being done, since the tired-out soul was too spent even for weary scorn, she sobbed out, like a child in piteous despair: "Oh! I wish you'd go away, and leave Dickie and me to live in peace together!"

Yvon was wondering how she could have got the moneys together—staring at her averted face with his own tired, vacant eyes, he spoke no word to that, her bitterest lament. He was wondering this, and how That Other Thing should come to pass,

long after Esther had stolen away to kiss Dickie's wan, white lips.

That night Yvon could lie down a free man again. His debt of honour was paid. But Yvon knew his heart could never beat gladly again, because he knew he was to be bondman to those Dark Powers that had dogged his every footstep throughout his journey through the wilderness, until—until——

The Light that he had called to guide him through the Desert shone very close to him. He shivered in the hot August night air; and all through that night many sad spirits, like hopeless dreams, came between him and Esther; nor fled from him when morning broke. That Dickie's eyelids were red and his face white, on Thursday morning, did not prepare Yvon for the answer to his abrupt question—breakfast being half-way through, and a familiar clamour missing—"Where's Tammie?" Esther's play with the crockery was as clumsily contrived as my last sentence. But Dickie, wincing slightly, called back from his bed, in a natural voice that was the perfection of art: "I sold the old cuss, t'other day. Didn't want him, nohow. He's been botherin' me for ages with his tricks an' habits."

You thought you had gauged the depths of human woe, Yvon, when you called yourself to one great effort, and found yourself to be wanting, because you were too much pagan to grant God's power to loose you from the thralldom of the devils that swarmed round your wayward path! You thought you had sounded hell's deepest depths when you threw up the game, Yvon (with what bitter misery none but you and one other, and perhaps one who has failed and fallen like you, can ever know!) There was a deeper, you found, in Dickie's reply.

That morning an unwonted apparition appeared among Fletcher's groceries. "I want Tammie," said Yvon, hoarsely across the counter.

And Fletcher, with a pleasant shrug, replied: "My cousin's babies hev got him, and wouldn't give him up for a ten-pun

note;" and went on weighing his teas, whistling "Dysey" the while.

The gambler fingered his empty pockets with a fierce, mechanical action.

"Where's your—cousin live?" said he, at last, roughly, and stumbling over every word because of his soul's passionate self-accusation.

"T'aint your business to know! Come! out of my shop!" was Fletcher's reply, nettled at the other's oath. "You'd steal him back, like as not; and you've no oof to buy him back, *I* know," muttered he, genially, after Yvon's departing figure.

It was Thursday night that Yvon (ah! the pity of it!) sat him down with "Arty" (Arty of sinister renown throughout two continents) to gamble back Tammie for his bed-ridden Dickie. What he should do after he had won enough money to buy back Tammie, Yvon (who had sworn and broken his last oath to keep from the cards, since he knew himself to be already at the turnstiles of Death) knew too, very well.

He rose up in the solemn dawn of the next morning Arty's debtor. Three figures would not cover that debt.

"When you like," said Arty, with his radiant smile. "I am in no hurry, Yvon; but I know you are a man of honour," said that smile.

Yvon stumbled out, Arty's unspoken words ringing in his ears above the clamour of the waking world. Many hours after that profitless dawn the gambler, still keeping up his aimless wandering in the wilderness of London's streets, charged against Fletcher, hurrying and on pleasure bent.

"That reminds me," called out the grocer, who had no pride or abiding resentment in his whole anatomy: "Tammie's gone up in the market, Sir! My cousin wouldn't give him up for a twenty-pun note now!"

A hand of steel on his shoulder brought him to a rocking standstill among many hansoms. Yvon dragged him to the

curbstone, and with colourless lips said : " Last night I heard my Dickie crying in the dark for Tammie."

The Oxford Street mob swept them apart.

" Good God ! " muttered Fletcher, soberly turning homewards. This he said over and over again, until he remembered that his cousin, with the many babies, lived at Kensington ; when he turned him back, and made off for that neighbourhood, with the best speed at his command.

And there we can leave Fletcher.

" If the stars speak to-night," said Yvon, staring out to interpret Fate and their silence, with all the gambler's reckless superstition. He was leaning over the window-sill of Dickie's room, who lay asleep within. As he watched, listening, turn by turn, to the deep, sobbing, breathing from the little bed in shadow, and the whispers of the evil spirits within, urging him on to the last, desperate act of all, Yvon saw a star fall, and then another. It was the month of falling stars.

" If another falls," said Yvon ; but though he waited for a long time, in his lonely vigil, high above the roar of the night traffic, no other fell through the sky.

When he turned to peer through the shadows towards the bed in the corner, there was a tear to be seen lying on Dickie's eyelashes. But Dickie, in his dream, was still holding Tammie's warm, fat, furry body to his ; and dreaming on, as Yvon knelt and watched him, through the moonlight, turned in his sleep and smiled. The tear-drop fell, and a glancing moonbeam caught it and turned it into a star. Another falling star !

With an unformed prayer in his heart (not for pardon—no ! not that ! Because he knew he was shortly to sin the last, supreme sin against himself and God ; and did not dare pray for pardon), but that he might bring back Tammie to Dickie, Yvon crept out through the dim sitting-room, where Esther sat bending over her work, in the eye and brain-destroying glimmer of the little lamp (she like the palest of all the pale, tired ghosts

who had come to trouble his later dreams!) out into the roar of London at night, and thence to Arty's rooms.

"Will you lend me twenty pounds?" said Yvon, to the other gambler, and Arty nodded swift assent. Yvon staked his debts redoubled for the game. He thought if there were a God He would have seen that falling tear of Dickie's.

Both men were gamblers to their finger-tips. Arty was playing now for pastime, with supreme mastery of his art, as he had often played for a livelihood. Yvon knew that he was playing for his own soul. And Arty won this night, as he had won whenever he took up Yvon's challenge. Most men would have counted it a fortune to be possessed of the sum Yvon rose from the table Arty's debtor, when this one, and force, stopped the game. Was it Friday night of our week, or Saturday morning that he went out into the real world, after that last, long night of his last, forlorn hope? It was long past noon on the last day of the week and of the harvest month, when he turned his beaten footsteps to the home that had lain so long under his own pitiless shadow. And why he turned here at all, in his wanderings, he could not tell, unless it were to see Dickie's face, that had not yet learnt to smile in Tammie's absence; and perhaps to touch Esther's pure, pale forehead once more with his lips, before he went out into the dark—she who was as near to God and the Angels as he was far.

So Yvon returned home once more to Esther and Dickie, who had been waiting for him all the day to tell him the wonderful news. For Tammie had come home again, with a collar bearing Dickie's name and address on his fat, fluffy neck! "An' the rascal's as pleased with it, Dads, as I am," said Dickie, to whom the return of Tammie was as the sight of Canaan must have been to the first wanderers in the desert. Tammie was a birthday present from "a friend"—Dickie could not imagine who, though he had already exhausted imagination with a long list, headed by the Prince of Wales. I

think Esther must have known. "Oh! oh! won't old Fletcher be just flumbustered when he sees Tammie, Dads!" cried Dickie, dancing on his pillows in the utter mirth of that return, and the re-possession of Tammie. "I sold Tammie to him, and *he* thought I was glad to get rid of him. I deceived him, just as I deceived you both, Mother and Dads!"

Esther slipped about her rooms with a gladder, happier light than had long lain on her face. When Dickie was tucked up in his corner for the night—Tammie in his arms, so large, so large, and he so very small—and Esther was bending, as usual, over her needlework, because thereon depended their daily bread; the peaceful look had not yet passed away. But the shadow was very close to Yvon this night of Esther's peace and Dickie's happiness; although he had seen Dickie drop asleep, with a smile upon his lips, and his tiny face on Tammie's fur—before he closed his door softly behind him—and this for ever. And although Esther's lips had given him the kiss of peace and forgiveness that he had not dared to hope for, before he went out of her presence—and this, too, for ever.

"You aren't going out to night," his wife had said, with no reproach, only a little faint sorrow showing above the renewed hope. And then, with cheeks painted suddenly red, and most piteously: "Not—not——"

"No," said Yvon, hoarsely, not less white than she had been scarlet. "Not that!"

It was then she had kissed him; and he, remembering her weary, bitter words a few nights back, knew she would have to say them many times hence, in greater misery than that of that most miserable time, were he not to leave her now. He had hardly noticed those words of hers in the wonder of that sudden raining of gold sovereigns before his eyes. Now, after blank days, they came back, dreary and convincing, and would not lower their clamorous tongues.

The last picture of Esther he carried away was herself as she

bent again over her work, with the peaceful light returning to her face. He closed the door behind him so softly that she did not hear anything which could call her from her happier mood to thought of him. He knew this, and, though he stood outside waiting, and once, having crept downstairs at the end of that waiting, came softly back to listen and wait again (for what he could not tell, though you and I will know !), he would not open that door again, nor call to her, out of the anguish of his soul. He knew *What* Shadow, beside the door, separated them from each other.

So, at last, he went out, nor returned any more ; and, long after Esther had nestled for comfort and companionship to Dickie's side, he was staring into the river that had time to look up at him in the moonlight, as it ran past him into the sea. It was the last hour of the week and of the month. "I have lost the way," said the gambler, half aloud ; nor knowing his soul was speaking to the God he still denied. "It is all dark," said Yvon, "and I have lost the way."

The harvest moon looked down on Yvon's dead body, still tossing, with troublous movement, in the wash of the tide.

K. DOUGLAS KING

Astray.

LORD, call Thy wand'ring children home :
We left Thee in the morning light,
Each one in his own way to roam,
Which ended in these ways of night.

Ay me ! in that dim earliest time,
Before life's ways did widely part,
With suasion of love's softest chime
Spake One, " My son, give Me thy heart."

Far memories of a mother's voice
Seem echoes of that call divine :
What folly made the rebel choice !
What madness cross'd love's barrier line !

Lord, guide Thy wand'ring children back :
Night deepens and the way is hid ;
Still habit keeps the earthward track,
As self erewhile, indulgent, bid ;

Yet strange vibrations pulse the dark,
Or—is it memory words the dumb ?
One said, " Before they pray I hark,
And ere they speak, I answer, ' Come ! ' "

EASTWOOD KIDSON.

The Life of the Abbé Edgeworth.

CHAPTER V.

EXILE.

AFTER glancing over the slight sketch of our country's laws given in the last chapter, it is not surprising to find that Mr. Edgeworth after a time found the position untenable, and was forced to quit Ireland. His own friends and relations had become his enemies—even his father, who was noted for the enmity he bore to Papists and to Jacobites, would judge the perpetrator of such an act as this as one who had sinned beyond redemption. He was a marked man, for the step that he had taken was probably unprecedented in the annals of the Protestant clergy in Ireland, and his position and connexions rendered him well known in Dublin and the country. He found that he could not follow out his religion without bringing others into danger, as well as himself, that his fortune would soon melt under perpetual fines for non-attendance in Protestant churches, that he could not have his children educated as Catholics, and that, socially, his position was almost intolerable.

So he resolved to quit his native land, "an exile for the Faith," like so many others, and to seek in a foreign country the freedom which persecuting laws denied him in his own. Though not of originally an Irish stock, the Edgeworths had been long enough planted in the Green Isle for Robert to feel himself a son of the soil, and the wrench of parting from his beautiful home and the pleasant land he loved must have been bitter to him, and bitter

also, no doubt, to the faithful woman who followed him in all ways, spiritual as well as temporal.

They quitted Ireland with their best treasures—their four little children—in 1749, and proceeded to Toulouse, where they established themselves for many years. Mr. Edgeworth's property was left in charge of an agent. Never again did the master's eyes look on his own woods and valleys, his smiling meadows and rich cornfields ; he lived for the remaining twenty years of his life and died—in exile. The hearts of Robert and his wife must have been cheered at this sad time by the grace that was given to James Ussher, the grace of a vocation to the Priesthood. This grace he faithfully responded to, went abroad to study, persevered through the usual course, and was in due time given Holy Orders. He was sent back, no doubt at his own desire, as a missionary priest to London, where he laboured till his death, a proof of the miracles grace can accomplish even in apparently the most unlikely place—the heart of an elegant, refined young man of fashion, a *dilettante* and a Freethinker. During the time that he was working in London, among the hidden and almost outlawed Catholics, the system of persecution adopted by a carpenter named Payne began and caused much suffering. Bishop Challoner was indicted, and James Talbot (brother of the Earl of Shrewsbury) was tried for his life, as a felon, at the Old Bailey, for saying Mass, and was acquitted only for want of evidence. The Rev. J. B. Malony was condemned to imprisonment for life. One house of lawyers in London defended more than twenty priests under such prosecutions at this time—in 1769. Whether Father Ussher was one of these priests we do not know, but we do know that his life must have been a hard and dangerous one.

Probably Mr. Edgeworth selected Toulouse as a residence owing to the great educational advantages which he could secure there for his sons, whom he sent to the College which was under the care of Jesuit Fathers. Here a great intimacy

sprang up between little Henry Edgeworth and a young Moylan, one of the students, who was also an Irish boy, and this led to a friendship perfect and uninterrupted through life. To this friendship we are indebted for most of the details we have made use of in this sketch. Each of the young friends aspired to the Priesthood, and they seem to have had much in common. Henry is described by his friend's sympathetic pen as being at this time a most winning and engaging boy, diffident yet full of spirit, gentle yet courageous ; he was fair, rather delicate-looking, with a sensitive sympathetic face, and most courteous manners. These last were to be expected in a lad brought up under the old *régime* in France : the memory of their own country faded away like a dream from the minds of the young Edgeworths, and French soon became to them a more easy vehicle for their thoughts than their mother-tongue.

But older people do not take so readily to a new soil and a new atmosphere. We can believe that Robert Edgeworth's thoughts must have turned often to the old land, to the old life, to the old friends. Nothing but the certainty of Divine faith, nothing but the interior satisfaction felt in obedience to a Divine call, could have rendered this life other than wearisome to the alien who had been so suddenly removed from the midst of his fellows, and from the midst of his work. His chief outward interest must have been found in watching the developing intellects of his children and their growth in Catholic life and ideas, and especially in the vocation of his son Henry, though the father did not live to see him a priest. But his best consolation would naturally be in the enjoyment of that most Divine gift, first presented to him as in a dream by the words of his Protestant Bishop, now beheld daily in all the splendour of its reality. He had sacrificed country, friends, and good name for this, and for this all sacrifices seemed as dust.

Henry studied principally rhetoric and *belles lettres* at Toulouse, and when he had acquired proficiency in these it was considered

advisable to send him to Paris to continue his studies. He was placed in the Seminary of Trente-trois, but attended philosophical and theological lectures at the College of the Sorbonne. His family, who seem to have been attached to this boy with a peculiar love, soon followed him to the capital, where they could watch his studies.

In 1769, after exactly twenty years' exile, Robert Edgeworth died, a staunch Catholic as he had lived; and as soon as his death was known a most nefarious attempt was made by his relations to "dispossess his Popish children of their property," and transfer this to his Protestant next-of-kin. This claim was made under the Bill of Discovery, to which allusion has already been made. Mrs. Edgeworth at once showed how much energy of character lay hidden under the quiet modesty of her manner. She proceeded to Ireland, accompanied by her eldest son, Robert, and her daughter, without delay. This was in 1769, the year of the trial of Father Talbot and the other priests, a time full of danger to Catholics. But Mrs. Edgeworth was determined for the sake of her children to run some risks. She was most hospitably received at the house of Mr. John Moylan, at Cork, the father of their young friend at Toulouse—who describes her as a very amiable and interesting woman. She managed to effect a sale of all the estates, her husband's and her own; among them was a beautiful property named Firmont—supposed to be a contraction of fairy mount, and this was the name her son Henry took when he became an abbé, his own patronymic of Edgeworth being almost impossible to French tongues. When this business was effected, Mrs. Edgeworth returned to her adopted country, which she never again left.

In due time the young divine was made a priest, and we can imagine the joy that filled his mother's heart as she beheld him for the first time offer the adorable Sacrifice, and remembered what it was that had caused the conversion of his father, her-

self, and the whole family. The happiness of that day must have been proportionate, no doubt, to the many great trials in the past and the still more terrible trials of the future.

And now we must leave the young priest for a time in his "beloved retirement" of the Rue du Bac, to which Seminary he had been sent. All Catholics know, at least by repute, *les Missions Etrangères* of the Rue du Bac, that wonderful home of Martyrs from which so many bright young lives have gone forth to spread the Gospel in distant lands, but never returned. A Breviary or a piece of a habit placed in the hall, with a short inscription detailing the circumstances of the martyrdom, that is all: except, indeed, the clamorous anxiety of the young priests left at home to take the place of the fallen champion.

But God did not destine Henry Edgeworth for martyrdom in a savage land like the Corea or China, but reserved him for danger and trial in his own fair France.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GATHERING OF THE STORM.

WE pass over in a few words twenty years of Henry Edgeworth's life—twenty years of energetic life among the poor of Paris. His own wish had been, as has already been indicated, to be sent to convert the heathen in some foreign mission, but his desire had been over-ruled. It had been pointed out to him that zealous priests were at least as much wanted at that moment in France as in any part of the globe, and that the danger from his adopted countrymen was as real and as great as it could be from any heathen nation; in fact, the French were at that time qualifying themselves to be placed in this category with great energy and success. So he had remained in France, although tempting offers had been made to him to return to his native land. Persecution, which was developing so rapidly in France, was dying out in the British Isles, and on the

10th of June, 1791, a Relief Act was passed, by which Catholics were allowed to exercise their religion openly, churches or chapels were allowed to be built, and Catholic schools opened. Bishop Douglass issued a Pastoral on the occasion to the Faithful, clergy and laity, in the London District, which shows the great thankfulness of the Catholics for these concessions :

Dear Brethren,—At length the day is arrived when I may congratulate with you on the greatest of blessings—the free exercise of our Holy Religion. A humane and generous Legislature has seen the oppression under which we laboured, and by an act worthy of its enlightened wisdom has redressed the grievances of which we complained.

As our emancipation from the pressure of Penal Laws must awaken every feeling of a grateful mind, hasten to correspond on your part with the benignity of the Government. Hasten to give to our gracious Sovereign that test of loyalty which the Legislature calls for, and to disclaim every principle dangerous to society and civil liberty which has been erroneously imputed to you.

Continue to pursue a uniform, virtuous line of conduct, *giving no offence to any man, that our ministry be not blamed. Provide things good, not only in the sight of God, but also in the sight of all men* ; and let a universal benevolence ever characterise you in the eyes of your fellow-citizens. Though you be not admitted to an equal participation of rights, continue to show yourselves deserving of that favour, and continue to implore the Divine blessing on your King and country. *For the rest, brethren, rejoice, be perfect, take exhortation, be of one mind, have peace, and the God of peace and love shall be with you.*

✠ JOHN CENTURIEN, V.A.

London, June 14th, 1791.

We have given this letter *in extenso*, because, having been obliged to lay some stress on the Penal Laws, we wish to emphasise the ending of the worst of them. Very different was the state of affairs in France at this time. The Edgeworths might now have lived far more safely and happily in their own country; and, indeed, it is said that his compatriots were so anxious to secure the services of the brilliant Abbé in Ireland that he was offered a bishopric there, which, however, he refused. The friend

of his youth, Dr. Moylan, was now Bishop of Kerry—afterwards Bishop of Cork—and it is to the Abbé's letters to him that we are indebted for a vivid sketch of the state of things in France, especially as they affected the Church.

This twenty years had, of course, made a material difference in the position of Henry Edgeworth: the diffident young priest, whose dream was of a life and death among savages, had developed into the brilliant preacher; the friend whose advice was sought by the noble and rich, though his own desire had been to give himself to the poor; the man of intellect and tact who could hold his own even with the infidel diplomatists of the day. Yet he never lost the sensitive, winning manners, the gentle kindness that had been found so attractive in the little Irish boy in the Jesuit College at Toulouse. Success had not turned his head, and his great popularity had not made him conceited: at this time there was no priest in Paris better known or better liked than the Abbé de Firmont. Crowds flocked to hear him preach, and to benefit by his spiritual direction. His mother and sister still lived in Paris, to be near him who was the cynosure of their thoughts and hopes. At this period they had rooms in a Convent, where they hoped to pass unnoticed during the turbulent times which all saw were approaching; Robert and Ussher were in Ireland.

It is not necessary to detail the events of that terrible year, 1789, when first the storm arose which was to deluge France with a torrent of blood; these events are too well known to need more than a brief allusion to them where the history of the subject of our sketch renders it necessary. The *Assemblée Nationale et Constituante* was convoked in May, 1789; the next step was the storming of the Bastille in the following July, followed by the wild rush to Versailles of the terrible Théroigne de Méricourt and her followers on October 5th, some of whom got admittance into the Château during the night, where they were bravely repulsed by Lafayette and his men, among whom was a

Sergeant-Major Hoche, who a few years after, being then a general, sent a French force into Pembrokeshire. The fight ceased on the promise of the King to return to Paris with his rough escort in the morning ; and accordingly, on October 6th, the King, Queen, and Dauphin were taken in triumph from Versailles to the Tuilleries surrounded by a vast mob, armed with pikes and other weapons, and shouting : " Nous aurons du pain, nous amenons avec nous le boulanger, la boulangère, et le petit mitron." The Abbé de Firmont was at this time confessor to the King's sister, the Princess Elizabeth ; he was very frequently with the Court at Versailles, though whether he was so on this occasion does not appear. The Royal Family were now almost prisoners in the Palace of the Tuilleries, under the surveillance of the Paris National Guard ; and things were going equally badly with the Church : Monasteries and Convents were being burnt, and numbers of men and women were turned out helpless and homeless into the street. And this seems one of the weak points of mob rulers, that they so frequently attack the wrong people. Take the Nuns, for instance : a French Sister is renowned all the world over for her self-devotion, her tenderness to the sick to the poor, to all requiring help, whether little children or wounded soldiers ; where was the common sense of making her, whose life was spent in aiding the helpless, more helpless even than those she had formerly assisted ? We do not for a moment deny that the people had wrongs : they were ground down under the weight of *corvées*, *dîmes*, and other extortions ; but why not obtain justice from the right people, or, failing that, even revenge themselves on those who made these laws, Ministers, lawyers, and tax-gatherers, and not on innocent women who had nothing whatever to do with it ? A letter from the Abbé to Dr. Moylan alludes to the state of affairs in France at this time :

Paris, February 18th, 1790.

. . . Knowing your tender concern for the once flourishing but now desolate Church of France, I must lose no time in

informing you of the Decree that passed on Saturday last, after a sitting of nine hours ; the religious state was suppressed all over the kingdom.

A few months later he wrote again :

Paris, May 6th, 1790.

Two Decrees have been passed relating to Church lands. By the first they are declared to be at the free disposal of the nation ; and by the second, which passed a fortnight ago, the civil corporations now in vigour all over France are invested with the management thereof. The clergy is, therefore, completely stripped.

The *Assemblée Constituante* had decided, on the proposition of the celebrated Talleyrand de Périgord, Bishop of Autun, but a most unworthy priest, that the clergy were not proprietors but only administrators of their goods ; and that the State could dispose of these goods, while taking upon herself the costs of religion, of the maintenance of the clergy, and the care of the hospitals. Church lands and goods were therefore sold as being the property of the nation. The Assembly also decided that henceforward Bishops and curés should be nominated by the citizens as were the civil authorities, magistrates, etc.

This meant a complete cutting off of the members from the head, which was, of course, impossible to a Roman Catholic clergy ; so we find, without surprise, that the great majority of the priests refused to recognise this new organisation of the Church. These clergymen were called *prêtres réfractaires*, and were punished accordingly.

The Abbé Edgeworth tells us that priests were obliged to wear a tri-coloured ribbon in their button-holes and a cockade in their hats, which cockade had to be three inches in diameter. So much for "Liberty."

However, he also consoles his readers by telling them that, though religion had to be practised privately, it was followed more earnestly and with far greater zeal than before this persecution, which effectually separated the Faithful from those who at

heart were infidels. There were numbers of confessors of the Faith even among those who had not previously been thought to be much in earnest—from members of the Court down to the humblest artisans.

The Abbé speaks much of the constancy of simple peasants, who suffered every kind of persecution rather than belie their consciences. All the Bishops remained firm but one—the brilliant but misguided Bishop of Autun. It is consoling to remember that in his last days Talleyrand de Périgord made atonement for the scandal he had given, and was reconciled to the Church through the good offices of Monseigneur Dupanloup, afterwards Bishop of Orleans.

Numbers of people still came by stealth to avail themselves of the ministrations of our Abbé, who was once more in his “beloved retirement of the Rue du Bac,” which, as a matter of private taste, he greatly preferred to the “glory of Versailles.”

The immunity which the seminarists of the *Missions Etrangères* had enjoyed up to this time arose from the fact that there were several foreigners, principally Englishmen, among them, and, probably, the new rulers of France did not care to interfere with them. It is also stated that a Protestant gentleman, a Mr. Walker, pleaded the cause of his countrymen in the Rue du Bac most eloquently, and that his appeal was listened to and granted.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FÊTE OF THE FEDERATION.

THE French are nothing without fêtes, and even in the midst of the terrible excitement of this period, the national gaiety broke out and the aspirations of thousands of the people seemed centered in the success of their new Fête of the Federation. This fête was to take place on July 14th, in commemoration of the taking of the Bastille. The great Champ de Mars was made into an amphitheatre by means of tier upon tier of sod-

covered seats which ran round it, and which gave sitting accommodation to four hundred thousand people. Perhaps the making of these great earthworks was the most novel and striking part of this affair, which from its vastness, its splendour, and its dramatic effects has been without a parallel in modern history. Twelve thousand workmen were employed in preparing the Champ de Mars, but the day was drawing near and much remained to be done. Each district of Paris, therefore, invited the co-operation of loyal citizens for the love of their country. The response was magnificent, "all Paris" rushed to the Champ de Mars ; delicate ladies assisted fishwives to fill their barrows. Monks, porters, seminarists, dandies, shopkeepers, and soldiers, all picked up spades and axes and worked with a will. For a time it must have seemed to those willing labourers as though the golden age had really come, when each man should be ready to help his brother freely and without reward, when self-interest would be dead. Alas, the sweetest dreams are usually the shortest.

In the meantime the grassy tiers are completed, and in the centre is erected a large altar *à l'antique*, placed on a raised platform approached by steps. At seven o'clock on the morning of the 14th the procession marched from the Place de la Bastille to the Champ de Mars, through the Rues St. Martin, St. Denis, and St. Honoré, they crossed the Seine by a bridge of boats, and so gained the Champ de Mars. The Federals had come from every part of the kingdom, and marched each under the banner of his own department—of which there were eighty-three. Deputies, soldiers, sailors, and bands filled up the procession. The people were mad with joy as they passed through the streets, and showered down upon them from the windows offerings of fruit, sausages, wine, and other good things. As they passed along they shouted "*Ca ira*," they clapped their hands and danced: over all the rain descended in a steady downpour; they ignored it. At the Place Louis XV. the

National Assembly joined the procession, one end of which had now reached the Champ de Mars. Here the most extraordinary scene took place: as the Federals arrived they joined hands and gradually the ring extended right round the vast amphitheatre; they then began to dance their wild *farandoles*, with the three or four thousand spectators, who had sat for hours in the rain waiting for this moment, joining in the *Ca ira*, assisting the performers by their applause, by their gestures, and by keeping time to the music, joyous still, and heedless of their soaked garments and general discomfort.

At last all the *cortège* had filed into the arena, and with them captive amid so many cries of freedom, the Royal Family. The King, the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, the Dauphin, and his sister took their places on a large platform near the altar, and with them were Ambassadors, generals, and the National Assembly. The Federals left off their dance and ranged themselves under their own banner. Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, attended by three hundred priests—of whom the Abbé Edgeworth was not one—dressed in white albs with wide tricolour bands round their waists, entered and crossed the arena and mounted the steps of the altar, where he celebrated Mass, the accompanying music being given by the military bands. The downpour had now ceased and the remainder of the ceremony, which was certainly an impressive one outwardly, was seen to advantage. The Bishop blessed the Oriflamme and the eighty-three banners, and then sang the *Te Deum* accompanied by 1,200 musicians. Then the oath of fidelity to the nation, the law, and the King was taken by Lafayette in the name of Deputies representing the Army and Navy and the State: he mounted the steps of the altar and took this solemn oath while forty cannons were fired to announce this act to the French people. The President of the National Assembly then took the oath, amid cries of "*Je le jure*" from people and Deputies. Lastly, the King arose, and in a loud voice said: "*Moi, roi des Français, Je jure*

d'employer le pouvoir que m'a donné l'acte constitutionnel de l'Etat, à maintenir la constitution décrétée par l'Assemblée Nationale, et acceptée par moi."

Carried away by the impulse of the moment, the Queen sprang up, and lifting up her little son in her arms, presented him to the people, saying : " Voilà mon fils ; il se réunit ainsi que moi dans ces mêmes sentiments."

The crowd responded to this unexpected appeal ; cries of " Vive le Roi, vive la Reine, vive M. le Dauphin," resounded on all sides ; the sun flashed from hundreds of drawn sabres, flags waved, drums sounded, military music rent the air, and above all, at intervals, the thunder of the cannon announced—with unfortunate appropriateness—that the new reign of love and brotherhood had begun.

But how short a time it lasted. There was throughout the whole a false note. One cannot be false to one's religion and true to one's oath. The Bishop who had taken the chief part in this affair, to whom, standing at the altar, the oaths were made, had himself violated his solemn vows as priest and Bishop ; and the priests who followed him were all at least in danger of being foresworn. Less than six months after this we find the Abbé de Firmont writing "to his Lord and dear friend, the Bishop of Cork," in the following strain :

Paris, January 9th, 1791.

. . . The clergy had to swear allegiance to the nation, the law, and the King ; and bind themselves, moreover, to maintain with all their might the new Constitution, or forfeit all rights of citizens, including their employment, civil, military, or ecclesiastical. Eighty priests and one Bishop have sworn to it. All the other Bishops, and numbers of priests, headed by the Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld, went to the Assembly, where every artifice was employed to make them comply. Their lives were threatened by the mob, placed on purpose in the gallery and round the hall ; cries of fury were heard on all sides ; but to the everlasting honour of the Church of France, they stood out like heroes, and protested they were ready to die, but would never take an oath contrary to their consciences. Their firmness was

so much admired by the mob itself that the greatest silence succeeded to the cries of blood that had filled the *salle*; and amidst that silence they arose, walked out, and did not receive the least insult from the people, though they seemed a moment before to be in fury. Twenty-eight clergymen out of the eighty publicly retracted the oath. It is hoped there will be many more. Almost the whole clergy of France stood firm. Church history hardly affords a single instance of this kind. . . .

If the Assembly prevail we shall see in a few weeks the schism completely established, all intercourse with Rome cut off, and eighty-three schismatical Bishops in place of the 136 now existing, in which case we must practise our religion in holes and corners as you formerly did in Ireland. At the *Missions Etrangères* all continues quiet. The oath does not regard any of us, as we are not reputed public men; but I believe the house will share the fate of all the other Religious establishments and be suppressed in a few weeks.

It appeared to be the fate of Henry Edgeworth to be the victim of religious persecution from the time he had to quit his native land, a little exile of four years old, to his death in a foreign land, a second time an exile. The parallel between the Penal Laws of the Ireland of his childhood and the persecution in the France of his later years, seems to have struck him forcibly, for we find him alluding to it again:

We are obliged to say Mass in rooms, to go to the people's houses to hear confessions, to administer the sick in private, etc., etc.; in fine, we are on much the same footing as to the external practice of our religion as you were in Ireland forty years ago.

Among the most dangerous duties which the Abbé felt himself bound to perform, were his visits to the Tuileries to bring the consolations of religion to the Princess, of whom he speaks in the following terms in a letter to his brother Ussher, written from London in 1796, after his escape from France:

To begin with, what gave rise to all I must tell you (what, perhaps, you have never known) that hazard—if hazard be not an empty word—brought me acquainted, a few years ago, with Madame Elizabeth of France, one of the most accomplished and (I really do believe) the most virtuous Princess, without

exception, then existing in France. Though a foreigner, and in every respect little entitled to the honour of her acquaintance, I soon became a friend, and she placed an unbounded confidence in me. Still I was not personally known to either the King or the Queen. They were, indeed, no strangers to my name, and in those latter times had often expressed their astonishment on hearing how freely I resorted to the Palace, whilst round about all was terror and woe. The fact was I never apprehended the danger to be what it was, and while no clergyman could appear at Court if not completely disguised, I went there in open day, once or twice a week, without ever changing my dress.

The next step that the King took was, as it did not succeed, an absolutely fatal one ; it is indeed difficult to see what course this unhappy man could pursue to secure his safety and that of his family. On the night between the 20th and the 21st of June, 1791, they attempted to escape, and very nearly succeeded in the attempt, having almost reached the frontier before the King was recognised by the postmaster's son at Sainte Menehould, arrested at Varennes, and brought back a prisoner to Paris.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TENTH OF AUGUST, 1792.

AT first the deposition of the King was loudly clamoured for by the Republican party, but resisted by Lafayette, who finally fired on the mob, and by doing so placed Constitutionals and Republicans in deadly antagonism. However, for a time the former had their way, and they insisted on keeping the unhappy King fixed on his throne, though as utterly without power as any puppet could be. Well had he remarked, almost prophetically, to his Minister, Malesherbes, some sixteen years before : "Vous êtes plus heureux que moi, vous pouvez abdiquer."

He was guarded far more strictly than before his flight, and was now absolutely a prisoner, and his case was even worse when the Constitutional party had to give up their place to the Giron-

dists, whose first act was to declare war with Austria: and this was succeeded by a sentence of transportation to every refractory priest, and by the disbanding of the King's Constitutional Guards. One or two reverses on the Austrian frontier rendered the people furious, and the clubs decided to make a demonstration. Exactly a year had passed since the King's attempted flight; it was once more the 20th of June—the anniversary also of the oath in the Hall of the Jeu de Paume, with which in 1789 the Third Estate had joined the National Assembly. Twenty or thirty thousand men, under the terrible Santerre, marched through Paris, and finally broke into the Palace of the Tuileries, cutting the doors down with axes and hatchets, and burst into the presence of the King, who received them with firmness, and refused to remove his veto which he had placed on the decrees concerning his guard, the sentence on the priests, and the formation of a camp of twenty thousand Federals at Paris. Insults and violence could extract no other answer from Louis XVI. than his calm, "I will do what the Constitution orders me to do." The Mayor of Paris and and National Guard seemed paralysed, and left the King exposed for hours to these outrages. This day, the 20th of June, was truly a fatal one for him.

Unfortunately, the King's friends showed the most lamentable want of prudence, considering that Louis was so completely in the power of his enemies. A few weeks after this outburst (on the 25th of July, 1792) the Duke of Brunswick issued a manifesto, threatening to destroy Paris, if the King were not at once restored to his rights. This merely provoked the outbreak of the night between the 9th and 10th of August; the tocsin called the people to arms, and the mob, under Santerre, took the Hôtel de Ville, and then marched on the Tuileries, massacring the Swiss and all who opposed them. The Royal Family had taken refuge in the midst of the Assembly, who suspended the King from power and consigned him to the Luxembourg; but

this mild measure did not at all satisfy the Communists, who were now masters of the situation. They condemned Louis XVI. to be incarcerated in the prison of the Temple, under the care of Santerre and Pétion; Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth, and the two children were also placed here.

During the melancholy year that had passed the Abbé had continued his visits to the Tuileries with the same calm imperturbability as before. This *sang-froid* probably secured his admission. He says:

Indeed, when I turn my thoughts upon these shocking times, I am amazed to have been so bold. But Providence, I suppose, blinded me on purpose; and in reality, though my presence always occasioned a little bustle among the guards, I never received any insult from them. Thus I continued until the eve of the fatal day on which the Royal Family was arrested; for on the 9th of August (I remember it still) Madame Elizabeth desired to see me, and I spent a great part of the morning in her closet, little aware of the scene of horror that was brewing for the 10th.

I shall give no account of the cruel manner in which the Royal Family was treated on this occasion, as I suppose the public facts are well known to you; and for the present I must confine my narrative to what regards myself.

Hitherto the Revolutionists had in some measure respected me; and, though deeply afflicted by the misfortunes of my friends, my person and little property remained untouched. But I soon had *my* turn, and a woeful one it was indeed. No sooner had the King been transferred from the Convention Hall to the Temple, but my house was burst open at midnight by an armed gang of about forty or fifty men. I was fast asleep, and the room I occupied lying far from the street, they were already within the doors before I awoke. But as they advanced, breaking down whatever opposed their passage, I started from my rest, and soon concluding, from the horrid noise with which my ears were struck, that my last hour was come, I really had no other thought but that of reconciling my soul to God and preparing for death. Upon reflection, however, I thought it better to face the danger than to be murdered in my bed. I therefore flew to the door before it was broke down, and in opening it the first object I perceived was a dozen villains holding torches in their hands and armed with every instrument of death. A kind of officer seemed

to be at their head, and to him I walked up, demanding, with more assurance than I really had, what was the meaning of all this noise at such a time of night. He looked at me in the face with an insolence not to be described ; and after viewing me for a few moments, "You are not the man," said he ; but soon after, as if he repented having relieved my mind by these words, he came up to me again, and rushing into my room, demanded to see my papers. This proposal was a thunder-bolt to me, for I had papers of some importance, and many of them, if too nicely viewed, might have brought me to the block. However, I affected security, and as the number was too great to be examined in one night, I took care to cast in his way insignificant pieces, or letters which I supposed he would scarcely understand. This labour puzzled him vastly, and soon losing patience, he concluded I was not the person he was charged to arrest ; but, resolved not to quit the house without a capture, he turned to a friend of mine who lodged under the same roof, and finding on his table a letter just received from Germany, in which there happened to be a few suspicious words, he hurried him away to prison, where he was murdered a few days after without any form of trial.

This horrible catastrophe convincing me more and more that the most innocent papers might become an awful tool in the hands of the ruling party, I resolved to sacrifice all those I had in my possession, though many of them were dear to me and of real importance. Two days were spent in this painful task ; and happy I was to have had the thought, for the job was hardly over when my house was assaulted a second time, but in midday, and with all the form of a regular pursuit : one hundred men at least were employed on this occasion. My papers were searched with a far more attentive eye than before ; the inquest lasted until three o'clock in the morning. But all suspicious pieces having been destroyed, and no charge appearing against me, I was once more restored to peace. I cannot, however, but recount with gratitude a singular instance of the protection of God, which I received on this occasion ; for, notwithstanding my care to destroy whatever papers could bring suspicions upon me, a letter, just received from the agents of Monsieur (now Louis XVIII.) had escaped my notice : it betrayed in very clear terms all my communications with the Court. The villains had it in their hands ; but being fatigued, did not think of giving it a glance. I myself was unaware of its existence ; but meeting it a few days after, and calling to mind in whose

possession it had been, all my blood chilled in my veins, and I could not but acknowledge with gratitude in this, though seemingly trivial occurrence, the hand of all ruling Providence. These, and many other incidents of less moment, which I have not time to relate, happened from the 10th of August to the 2nd of September.

But before we proceed to give the Abbé's account of the terrible events of that dreadful day—the first of the "Terror"—we pause for a moment to learn what had become of his mother and sister, whom we left in the retirement of a Convent. Alas! this was now the very last place in which to find retirement, security, and peace. The Abbé had written to Dr. Moylan, on November 21st of the previous year: "My mother and sister are still in their Convent, the only one, perhaps, now remaining in Paris; and really I hope they will remain there unmolested until the re-establishment of all things."

This hope proved utterly vain, although this Convent was probably in a very out-of-the-way place, and we may note the extreme caution of the Abbé—he never mentions where this Convent is situated, for the letters might have been opened and the information made use of.

But in spite of guarded words and of extreme caution on the part of the inmates, this Convent was swept away like the rest, and Mrs. Edgeworth and her daughter had to look for a new home.

A poor woman, who still clung to the Faith, let them some rooms in her house, and to these lodgings they repaired, and as it turned out it was most fortunate they did so, for they were able to offer an asylum in his need to the son and brother for whose sake they were braving the horrors of Paris in these days of terror.

M. E. JAMES.

(To be continued.)

Miss Elinor Sweetman's Poems.

“**T**HE Footsteps of the Gods” (George Bell and Sons) is a book of poems distinct in character and motive from its contemporary volumes. The author, Miss Elinor Sweetman, has art to express a singular and rare sincerity of feeling. Moreover, hers is a sincerity worth having. The sincerity of a very small heart may be complete, but it is nevertheless inconsiderable ; and of such sincerity literature is full. But in these poems we find qualities of thought and fancy that make their expression and utterance a matter of importance. There is even the most infrequent quality of true emotion—the quality that is vulgarly taken for granted in all poets, and has created a whole convention of “poetic” diction, but that exists in very few. In Miss Sweetman’s verse that emotion is gentle, but it proves its truth in such passages as those in her sonnet, “Afterwards,” which protest against the death of grief. A great contemporary has confessed the same poignant fact of the dying of grief, and has confessed it with a submission even more pathetic than Miss Sweetman’s protest. Amongst Mr. Coventry Patmore’s enormous sincerities—the sincerities of a poet whose capacity and power of sincerity are indeed immeasurable—nothing is more dreadful and moving than the Ode in which he acknowledges an hour, still far, far in the future :

When the one darling of our widowhead,
The nurseling Grief,
Is dead.

And the same thought whispers a word here and there in many another of his marvellous poems. Miss Sweetman prays with passion that grief may not die. Her sonnet is very beautiful. It needs nothing but greater closeness in feeling, thought, and versification : the ending lines are a little lax and thin, having perhaps a word or two too many :

Life's darkest hours are not the hours we weep,
Prone on the grave of recent happiness ;
The soul's worst pain is when the pain grows less,
And Sorrow, wearied, lays her down to sleep.
Our highest powers are finite. Ever creep
Time's icicles about our wells of tears ;
Of love and loss, with slow succeeding years,
The narrowed heart may only memories keep.

Father of all ! Who fashionest our dust,
When Thou would'st heal the heart thou mak'st to bleed,
Forbear ! A greater boon I ask of thee.
O grant me strength to live, if live I must,
However brief the joys Thou hast decreed,
But let my grief, great God, undying be !

Another passage has the same profound feeling—that in which the dead love comes in a dream :

Out of the wilds, with snow upon her head.

For tender imagination there [is] nothing in the volume more charming than the exquisite stanzas, entitled "Nestlings." The image is complete, and yet the close is a delightful surprise ; every illustration is true, every fancy delicate, and the whole poem has a confidential tenderness that never mars the poetic modesty that is one of the author's happiest characteristics. This sweet temper—one can give it no truer or more significant name—appears in her principal poem, "The Footsteps of the Gods," in which regret is finely true to itself, attentive to itself and recollected. To write in [such a mood of so much directness, dignity, and poise, is at once to put away a whole tradition of false "poetry." This remarkable poem has amongst

its opening lines some most felicitous records of early spring ; the last of the three following is charming :

In the long ripple of subsiding floods,
Where dripping osiers shiver in the blast,
A downy brood is hatched from willow-wands.

The longest poem in the volume, "The Silent Knight," hardly fulfils all the responsibilities of blank verse ; but it has admirable passages : one in which, at the dying lady's door,

The jester sate, his foolish face all tears.

But, in fact, Miss Sweetman's volume has not a page without signs of elect feeling and elect intelligence. Her voice will, if not to-day, certainly to-morrow, be recognised by a tone of its own amid all harmonies or discords that busy the ear.

ALICE MEYNELL.

Stellar and Absolute Space.

ONE of the hypotheses that are put forward in order to account for the phenomena of light, is that of vibrations taking place in a substance called ether. Very little knowledge has, as yet, been gained of the nature of this substance beyond the fact that it is imponderable, and that it is diffused through all space. That it may be something imponderable is beyond question, for it certainly has not yet fallen within the range of the five senses. But what is more particularly worth examining is the supposition that it is diffused throughout all space.

Scientists tell us that it is owing to the existence of this medium that light is transmitted by a series of vibrations from the stars to our earth, and from star to star. To superficial observation, there would present itself above nothing but empty space, black, cold, and void of all activity or motion, yet, in reality, the motion that is taking place in the space above may be compared to, or rather is far greater than that of, the waves of the sea ; for in the former there is incessant vibration in almost every direction, and carried on with incomparably greater energy. According to this hypothesis, only an indefinite limit could be set to this phenomenon. Could we be launched billions or trillions of leagues into the space above and around ; nay, if even we travel so far with the imagination that the mind grows giddy at the pure ideal ; so long as there yet remains a single star which sheds its lustre, so long shall we still find that

vibratory activity which, according to the latest theory of the day, is supposed to account for the production of light.

Supposing the proofs of such a theory to be so cogent as to exclude the possibility of error: it would be interesting here to inquire where or in what part of space this vibratory motion would cease. There are two elements in the question which have first of all to be carefully considered. For ethereal activity, supposed to be indispensable for the production of light, depends upon two things: first, an initiatory movement in the atoms or molecules of a material body; secondly, the existence of the ethereal element itself. The one is necessary for the starting, the other for the continuing of the motion.

The further the science of astronomy advances the more it discovers that space is filled with atoms. Sometimes they are found coalescing together to form huge masses—the stars and planets; at other times they are found at a nearer distance, grouped together in smaller masses; while in other cases they may be found in microscopical proportions. But, in spite of the enormous number of atoms which, collectively or singly, are dispersed through space, that number is limited. If that number were unlimited then it would be an infinite number. That is to say, we should have an open contradiction, an absurdity; for an infinite number is that to which nothing can be added and from which nothing can be taken. But in such a case it would cease to be a number at all, for addition and subtraction are essential properties of numbers. The number of atoms, then, dispersed through space is not infinite. It must, therefore, be limited. But space is unlimited, infinite, therefore there must exist an infinity of space in which none of the material atoms could possibly exist. Here, then, we should have an infinity of space in which the first essential condition of light would be wanting.

We come now to the second essential condition for the production of light, which is the existence of ether diffused all around. Scientists of the present day uphold the hypothesis that the

whole of space in its entire infinity is pervaded with ether. But this assumption is absolutely wanting in proof, and can easily be overturned by the argument used in the first instance, namely, that if ether were thus infinitely diffused, we should have an infinite number of atoms, which is an impossibility. Owing, therefore, to the necessary limitation circumscribing the two essential conditions for the production of light and its transmission, it follows that there must be an infinity of space absolutely void of light, and absolutely incapable of admitting its production. We can also draw from the same argument a very important conclusion, namely, that the space containing all the stars, planets, and atoms, that are grouped together in one or more systems, is surrounded by a distinct marginal line dividing it off from the infinity of pure space that environs it; and this takes place in such a manner that where one star or atom is, there also (namely, in the same ambient of space) must exist all the others. We cannot conceive, that is to say, that stars, planets, and atoms are distributed throughout *all* space, on account of the infinite number that such a fact would involve; nor can we conceive that atoms should be set at various extremities of space, because, space being unlimited, no such extremities exist, and also because there would be an infinite distance between two atoms. This at first sight may not seem impossible; but if we consider a little the nature of material atoms we shall soon find that their nature is such that there cannot be an infinite distance between two or more of them. For the relation of atoms to space necessarily implies the union or the possible union of those atoms; but if there were an infinite space existing between two atoms, such a union would be rendered physically impossible, since it would require an infinite time for one or both the atoms to traverse the intervening distance of space. But apart from this argument, there is another still more cogent. Let us imagine that we have one single atom posited in space. Let us further suppose that we seek to posit another atom an

infinite distance away, and that we travel as far away as the imagination will stretch, and that then we deposit this atom. Should we, then, be placing two atoms at an infinite distance, one from the other? The fact itself says no, for as soon as ever the second atom has been deposited, then at that moment, by that very act, we are limiting the space between the first and the second atom. Thus, if we were to travel back on the same ground, we should, sooner or later, return to the first atom, which clearly shows that the space intervening is not infinite.

There is, therefore, a distinction, an unmistakable line of demarcation between stellar space, namely that space peopled by atoms, and absolute space surrounding the stellar, as with, to make use of an original but very apposite term, an infinite envelope.

We have so far demonstrated the existence of two characteristics which distinguish stellar space, or the space habited by atoms, and absolute space. The stellar space, is that which is peopled with the stars, planets, and isolated atoms, and is also pervaded with that imponderable substance which, according to the newest theory, is so essential to the production of light, namely ether; whereas absolute space, which lies all around the stellar space, is absolutely void, black, and incapable of admitting either the production or the transmission of light.

The question here naturally rises as to the limit of this ethereal substance, and it seems somewhat difficult to conceive it as confined to a certain portion of space instead of being diffused, as was formerly supposed, through the whole of it. But the explanation which is given for the adherence of the atmospheric envelope that environs the revolving globe on which we live, can be applied also to the limitation and confinement of the ethereal substance in stellar space. As the air particles are prevented from flying off on account of the attraction exerted by the earth itself, so also the imponderable elastic particles of ether are maintained within the boundaries of stellar space by

the mutual attraction exerted by the planetary bodies among themselves ; that is to say, within stellar space alone is found matter, the attraction of which keeps the ethereal element within its reach. If we argue from analogy, we may conjecture that the form of this immense mass of ether which is swung in space, and within which lie, like little islands, the stars and planets, would be a spherical one ; but so long as we are yet in ignorance of the locality of the furthest heavenly bodies, this can only be matter of conjecture. Outside the ethereal circle atoms could, indeed, exist ; but, strangely enough, they could neither be seen nor heard on account of the entire absence of the necessary *media* for the transmission of light and sound.

Another great difference between stellar and that mysterious space which exists in all its absolute infinity above described, is that bodies in the latter are incapable of motion. This may seem a strange and unwarrantable conclusion. But if we examine carefully the phenomena of motion, as far as its visible and tangible effects are concerned, we shall find that it consists in a change in the relative position of a body with other material bodies, either with the eye that sees it moving, or with other material bodies in its vicinity. But when we conceive an atom as posited outside the group of atoms, however large, that constitute, characterise, and people stellar space, such motion is impossible. We cannot think, logically, of a transition of the body from one point of pure infinite space to another, for the simple reason that such a transition would imply a cutting off of space, the which would be a denial of the infinity of space. For that which is infinite cannot be *diminished*, or have part or parts taken off from it.

Such are a few of the qualities that differentiate stellar from absolute space. The ground is new, but perhaps some more able pen than my own will resume the thread where it pauses

J A. DEWE.

*The Advancement of Architecture.**

I SAID something about the value of architecture to mankind in my last course of lectures ; but I shall go over the ground again, for unless students are convinced of the importance of their profession to mankind, they will hardly be impelled to give that time, energy, and devotion to its study that its merits demand. I use the word devotion to express the frame of mind that each student should bring to the study of architecture, in the hopes of advancing it for the benefit of mankind ; a devotion that must not look to profit, honour, or fame in its pursuit, and only for that meed of pleasure which is spoken of by the poet :

There is pleasure in poetic pains which poets only know.

Actuated by this devotion, which is at once benevolent and patriotic, he will emulate those philosophers who devote their lifetime to the examination and recording of some phase in nature which it is probable someone else will use. The architect is even less fortunate than the poet, for it is a rare case when the poet cannot get his poem published. It is, however, common enough for the accomplished architect never to have anything to build which can show his skill ; for should he be greatly in advance of his age, it is almost certain that any drawing or model he presents for approval will not be accepted.

* A lecture delivered at the Royal Academy, January 29th, 1894.

The higher energies of mankind are now mainly devoted to the elucidation of the problems of nature, and particularly to that grand problem of the ultimate atoms of which the universe is composed. These speculations were almost entirely abandoned during the early days of Christianity; necessarily in the Dark Ages and during the enforced ignorance of Mediæval days. Since the revival of learning, philosophy has again started from the speculations of the Greek philosophers, whose last exponent was Lucretius, about 55 B.C. The modern philosopher, however, has all the new sciences, chemistry, light, heat, and electricity to help him, as well as apparatus that more or less enables him to verify his hypotheses. As "ignorance is the curse of God, knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven," we should be grateful to the philosophers who pursue their profound studies with no hope of reward but the knowledge they gain, and who have shown us that nature proceeds by unfailing and unswerving laws, and that all we can know is from the investigation of our universe. Such studies, however, should not so completely absorb the best energies of all the greatest of mankind as to entirely turn away their thoughts from other things which should ennoble and delight mankind.

Some consideration of our universe is good for all, as a set-off to man's overweening pride. It is good to be occasionally reminded that to our universe man resembles the animalculæ in a drop of dirty water; still, it is not good for man to wholly dwell on his own insignificance, as it is too apt to make him regard his actions as of no importance. That an ant should appropriate to his own use a grain of corn which it ought to take to the common store does not seem of much importance to us, nor to the world, though it is of vital importance in an ant-hill, and our ant-hill is this earth. As regards man, it must still be affirmed that "the proper study of mankind is man." Anything we can do to discipline, raise, and delight him with ennobling pleasures, is of more importance

than to know the conformation of the circumambient ether. I consider that the triumphs of architecture do afford such ennobling pleasures to mankind, and I wish I could say with Sir Henry Wotton, that "architecture can want no commendation where there are noble men or noble minds."

No one can expect to thoroughly appreciate even the outside shapes of fine buildings without having some cultivation, or some natural susceptibility to beauty. Although it may appear scarcely credible, yet it is true that there are people who are unaffected by the beauty of inanimate nature: and we can scarcely expect such persons to be affected by architecture, though this may not always be the case, as man, cultivated or not, is mostly more affected by the highest and most enduring efforts of man than by the works of nature; for the one implies genius, knowledge, skill, power, and wealth, and the other seems but the spontaneous action of necessity. Those who do observe and admire the beauty of shape in rocks and mountains, in the sea and its shores, in trees, plants, herbs, and flowers would naturally admire the fine shapes of buildings. I should not like to affirm that fine buildings, even the most beautiful, exceed in beauty the finest things in nature, though I think they do; but they certainly bring home to us their relationship to man in the most charming and delightful way, and in a way that natural objects do not, however striking or beautiful they may be. When you see fine buildings in the midst of nature, it is like hearing your native tongue spoken in a foreign land. In walking on the other side of the Thames, by Cookham, you see a succession of all the beautiful and varied forms of the upper woods of Cliveden, and amidst them the outline of a pretty little pavilion, which goes to your heart at once, for it is man's work. In some respects, too, man's larger works exceed those of Nature. Even in size: for, as Mr. Ruskin has pointed out, there is no sheer plane in nature that equals the front of a large building. In that pinnacled plain near Amalfi,

that at a distance is taken for a Mediæval town, the biggest rocks seem much smaller than Gothic Cathedrals.

I believe the same is true of towers ; there is no square isolated mass of rock that equals the bell towers of Italy ; for though at Orkney the "Old Man of Hoy" is said to be six hundred feet high, it is but a ruin. The effect of that mountain at Utah that is called the "Western Temple of the Virgen Valley," is said to surpass all description : and, of course, Nature can deal with heights and masses that dwarf to insignificance the puny efforts of man. Yet Nature's chisels—heat, frost, wind, rain, and lightning—do not carve the mountains into shapes as dear to us as those forms which the genius of man has erected for our admiration. Blind force acting for ages beyond count on dead matter can never excite the same admiration as that due to high intelligence working for man's delight. Hints, however, for all sorts of forms and all sorts of arrangements are culled by genius from Nature's works, but experience alone can show that these hints when worked up produce the desired effect.

We can never separate the visual effects from the mental rebound that tells us whether these things have been done by man to raise emotions, or are but the outcome of blind necessity. Still, we can only learn from Nature's and from man's works ; and, as Nature's are the grandest, we get from them the rough-hewn sources of emotion, while from buildings we learn the devices for producing such emotions in less gigantic works. Height, vastness, and gloom, and the sudden change from dark to light affect us all, whether they be produced by Nature's hand or by man's. Yet the thought of the power and originality of so small and feeble a creature as man does much to enhance the value of his colossal works. Various and striking are the effects, and innumerable are the beauties that can be seen in nature, and that can by the efforts of genius be used in man's work. Most persons, when they look from a sunlit glade into a

forest, are delighted by the view of the numberless and vast branchless boles gradually lost in grey obscurity ; there is always a thrilling feeling of sublimity in looking from the light into the impenetrable darkness of some cavern's mouth ; and both these motives have been seized on and utilised, the former in the porticoes of Greek temples, and the latter in some of the vast porches of Gothic Cathedrals, Coutances, perhaps affording the finest example.

In architecture there is a recurrence, a symmetry, a rhythm, an ordered alternation of light and shade, of flatness and projection, and a delicate proportioning, that produces in us a calm feeling of delight ; there are, too, the repeated alternations of contiguous light and shade that excite the eye, contrasted with smooth surfaces that give it rest, and in the occurrence of varied and contrasted forms that make the æsthetic part of architecture particularly taking ; but it is a vague and indefinite delight, like music without words. As far as I can recollect, very few writers have noticed this special æsthetic charm. Madame de Staël is one of the few writers who has felt this charm. There is a passage in her "*Corinne*" that well expresses it, and that is almost unique in literature. When *Corinne* is standing by one of the fountains of the Piazza, and looking at St. Peter's, she says :

"Painting and sculpture mostly imitate the human form, or at least, some object in nature, and therefore awaken in our soul perfectly clear and positive ideas ; but a beautiful monument of architecture has not, so to say, any determinate sense ; in contemplating it one is overcome by that reverie without calculation and without aim which leads the thoughts so far. The sound of falling waters induces the same vague and profound impression ; it is as uniform as the building is regular. 'Eternal movement and eternal rest' are thus brought together. In this place, above all, time is without power, for it no more stills these gushing waters than it moves those motionless stones."

Architecture, however, tells other tales besides producing

vague emotions of delight ; it tells of a nation's desire to perpetuate by monuments its feelings of adoration, its admiration for the glory it has achieved, or the grandeur it has attained. These desires have in past time evoked the genius of the architect and have enlisted the labour of the thousands of toilers to embody his conception in hard and ponderous materials. Every vast monument expresses the desire of a nation to devote some of its earnings to the embodiment of an ideal, or at least its contentment that this should be done ; for no tyrant exists, or ever has existed, except by the acquiescence of the bulk of those he rules. The heavy tax laid by Justinian on Constantinople to build Sta. Sophia, at least shows his people's acquiescence, or he would have been hurled from the throne. A philosopher says all the reward and immortality of the unknown labourers at the Great Pyramid are enshrined in its stones. Architectural monuments not only keep alive the memory of dumb nations—for, without them, what would now be known of the greatness of Egypt, Assyria, and Persia?—but their monuments afford a measure of their wealth, power, and greatness, and give us the most concise compendium of the cultivation they had reached. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that architectural monuments, besides their impressiveness and grandeur, should express the taste, feeling, and skill of the nation at the time of their building, and not be copies or paraphrases of former buildings. We should be as proud of what we can do as Touchstone was of his bride : “ An ill-favoured thing, Sir, but mine own ; for rich honesty dwells like a miser, Sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.” However admirable the architecture of former times, of other people, or of foreign climes may have been, I trust that neither the architect nor the people want to be like the “ jackdaw with the peacock's feathers ” ; but, besides this, if the architecture we paraphrase was of other climes, it cannot be proper for this climate. If it was that of other nations, it cannot exactly rep-

resent what ours should be ; and if it were of former times, it would still not represent what we now feel or most admire.

The obtrusiveness of architecture is another of its characteristics, and not the least important one ; buildings are not like books, statues, pictures, or musical instruments, that can be hidden away. In towns they meet us at every step, and compel some attention, even if it be but momentary. However small buildings may be they take from us some light, some air, and the prospect ; so they are not merely to be looked on as useful things for the occupier, but as things that owe every one a debt for what they have deprived him of, and must be made sightly if not comely. There are, however, exceptions to this rule, in the case of erections built by society to awe or terrify us—like police stations, law courts, prisons, and the gallows. Those buildings which dominate towns and have been built for some noble or grand purpose should declare their use. It is needless to point out their obtrusiveness, when astronomers tell us that if our side of the moon be inhabited, it is not by a race of great builders, for the telescope would reveal anything built there that was as high and as big as St. Paul's.

The building of a vast structure, even of an immense feature involving a forest of scaffolding, huge heaps of material, and thousands of workmen, naturally impresses the people ; so we read in books of the time of the domes of Sta. Sophia, Sta. Maria del Fiore, St. Peter's, and St. Paul's being called "mountains." We must consider, too, the effect that vast and magnificent buildings have on foreigners, and the notions they get from them of the greatness and civilisation of the country, not to speak of the wealth magnificent buildings bring by the influx of visitors. Vast and magnificent buildings possess another power, which is not, however, pleasant to contemplate—the sort of limited immortality they confer on great nations that have perished. Even the ruins of such buildings speak of its former wealth, greatness, and cultivation, and engender visions

and regrets, as well as affording permanent records of the place where the great nation had its home. Books, pictures, statues, and other movable works of art become either the property of the world or of the nation that possesses them. It requires an effort of the mind to refer them back to their native country; but the ruins of fine monuments fix the locality, and cannot be dissociated from the place. The mind, too, seems more ready to transfer the isolated works we have seen elsewhere to the buildings we are contemplating. The ruins, too, of fine architectural works form a school for the barbarians who have settled there, and may eventually be the foundation for a new style.

Every building is so intimately connected with man that it must be noticed by the poet, the writer, and the painter; for, except in the cases of battles, some building mostly forms the background to the most striking actions of man's life. Besides, the importance, the grandeur, the beauty or sublimity of monuments has always made them favourite subjects for introduction by the painter and the poet. It would be difficult to find a poet not purely pastoral or didactic, in whose works admiration for fine buildings is not expressed, from Homer's description of the metallic palace of Alcinous to the Palace of Art of the late Poet Laureate; though he, unfortunately, lived in the days of the Gothic revival. The great poet of the Middle Ages, Dante, was born in 1265, just after St. Louis was defeated and taken prisoner in the Seventh Crusade. Considering that Gothic was invented less than a century before Dante's birth, one cannot help thinking that, had he been much in France, he must have been forcibly struck by the wonderful buildings in the new style, and have written about them, even though his model, Virgil, took little notice of architecture. The great progress then made in Italy was, however, in sculpture and painting, and these were evidently the arts he most admired, for he composed in words charming groups of sculpture for the walls and pavement of the ascent to

purgatory. He was, however, such a keen observer, that he makes a simile of the burdened souls in purgatory from a corbel :

As to support incumbent floor or roof,
For corbel, is a figure sometimes seen,
That crumples up its knees unto its breast ;
With the feign'd posture, stirring ruth unfeigned
In the beholder's fancy ; so I saw
These fashioned when I noted well their guise.

(*"Purg.*, can. 10, l. 130-135. Carey's translation.)

Chaucer, however, our fellow-townsmen, who was born in 1328, seven years after Dante died, and who lived till 1400, was both an observer and an admirer of architecture, and describes buildings in many places rather minutely ; and though his English is occasionally difficult to understand, and his verse quaint and rugged, there is a charm about it. So I give you his description of the "House of Fame" :

All was of stone of berile,
Both the castell and the toure,
And eke the hall, and every boure,
Withouten peeces or joynings,
But many subtell compassings
As babewinnes and pinnacles,
Imageries and tabernacles
I saw, and full eke of windowes,
As flakes fallen in great snowes ;
And eke in each of the pinnacles
Weren sundry habitacles.

(Chaucer, "House of Fame," lib. 3, v. 93.)

I may say that "babewinnes" are baboons. The writers of the Middle Ages irreverently called grotesque Gothic sculpture and painting "baboon work."

The architectural descriptions in the poets, even including Wordsworth's "Vision," mostly contain only a few vague terms ; costliness of material mostly doing duty for beauty of design, which, after all, cannot be properly dealt with in words. Milton's language is, however, so sublime that we can well bear his description of Satan's golden Renaissance palace :

Anon, out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave ; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures grav'n ;
The roof was fretted gold.

(*"Paradise Lost,"* lib. i. v. 710.)

If all the architecture were to be erased from sculpture and painting and blotted out of literature, what gaps would be left in pictures, bas-reliefs, and books. Think how bald even the "Arabian Nights" would become without the architectural surrounding of the stories. So I think we may consider that architecture fills a good space among the achievements of mankind. Is it not well worth the devotion and striving of the architects, the aspirations and efforts of the students, to put it once again into the way of improvement and progress ?

All the Fine Arts are necessarily progressive, but their strongest appeal to us is when they portray the emotions of the day. Sir Walter Scott pointed this out in his "Waverley Novels"; he said that he had made all the accessories as true to the time as he could, but not the personages, for had they represented the real persons no one would have cared to read the novels. To make his personages interesting they spoke, acted, and thought like those of his day, and this is true of every fine art. There was a simplicity, a directness, an intensity, and a dignity about all the historic personages of Greek times that has made antique poetry, eloquence, sculpture, and architecture unsurpassed and possibly unsurpassable. The artists—and under this name I include the poets—of to-day have to deal with people who are feebler and less dignified, but more varied and complex than the ancients ; but now as then, existing personages must be the actors, and must be made like life, or their works must appeal to present emotions, or they do not interest us. As long as noble qualities, character, and beauty exist in nations, I believe there will always

be artists to express them. The art of expression is mainly learnt from the past, but the artists must be animated by the spirit of the present. The cause of Tennyson's works being so highly valued and so widely spread amongst the English-speaking race is, apart from their harmony and beautiful diction, due to their being imbued with the knowledge, thoughts, feelings, and aspirations of his day. There have been times of brutal barbarism, there have been times of vileness, corruption, and cowardice, that could give rise to no poetry. Architecture only deals indirectly with man ; it has to meet some of his necessities, habits, and artificial wants, and æsthetically to move those emotions that are proper to the uses of the building.

If any fine art had ever arrived at a perfection that would be appropriate for all purposes and for all time, that art would be done with—there could be nothing more to express, and we could but apply the stereotyped form to what we want. This perfection has by no means been reached in architecture ; it is difficult to see how it ever could be reached while man's wants and knowledge progress, and his tastes change, though unhappily we too often act as if this were the case. We have many new necessities, thousands of new wants, and many new materials that must have new proportions and somewhat new forms, and certainly new methods of construction. We have new beliefs, new knowledge, and I think I may safely say new hopes and new aspirations, though these hopes and aspirations may be vague. It can hardly be said that we have availed ourselves of all these changes from the past, though we may be slowly working to bring about a very different order of things in architecture. Those who are familiar with the ways of nature know that the gradual subsidence, or the gradual elevation of parts of the earth's crust are usually too small to be observed until the lapse of centuries. All we can say about architecture is that it has received in our time no sudden and immense development ; it has not been affected by one of

those tremendous volcanic eruptions that has suddenly changed a level surface into a mountain, like that which, in Renaissance days, filled up the Lucrine Lake. In the very early Renaissance days there were apparently but few architects in Italy, and the scholars, antiquaries, goldsmiths, painters, and sculptors thought they had found perfection in ancient Roman architecture, and in the precepts of Vitruvius ; in consequence, architecture then ceased to be a progressive structural art. We have not altogether shaken off this Renaissance fallacy, although we have several times changed the model ; Greek, Gothic, and the Dutch Renaissance have successively been held to be the acme of perfection. My object is to consider if architecture can get into a progressive state again, and, if possible, how it may be done. I could fill the whole of my lectures with the facetious diatribes of non-professional writers against modern architecture and architects, if I thought any benefit would be gained by so doing. All architectural archæologists know the slow evolution of the different architectures, now called "styles"—an evolution that it has mostly taken many centuries to effect. Yet these critics write as if they thought it was mere sloth or perverseness that prevented clever men from inventing new styles in an hour, a day, a week, or a month. So the main use of such quotations would be to show the critics' ignorance ; and even if it showed a real and earnest desire in the country for something new, it would only illustrate the theory of political economy—that it is the supply that creates the demand, and not the reverse.

We must, however, admit with due regret that as yet there is no architecture in Christendom that in our eyes can be called good, true, and distinctive of the present century. All those engaged in rapidly progressive Fine Arts have treated with contempt the work they have surpassed, as men of science do exploded theories. The Greeks at their apogee used their old statues as rubbish to fill up holes ; the Mediævals used carved

Norman stonework as raw material and carved on its back ; and the Saracens did the same with some of their carved woodwork : while such is our humility that a large portion of the profession is engaged in restoring old buildings or in building imitations of the past. The same may be said of some of the sculptors and painters in regard to Gothic statues and stained glass. If we wanted any confirmation of this we have only to look at a modern architectural guide-book to an English town ; we shall there find the different buildings described as Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Romanesque, Saracenic or Moorish, Norman, Early English, Geometrical, Perpendicular, Tudor, Elizabethan, or Renaissance. To get a popular opinion of the absence of any distinctive style of the day, you have only to tell anyone that no past style should be used, and he will ask, with well-marked surprise, what can be done if it be not Classic, Gothic, or Renaissance ? This, perhaps, is not the worst phase, for not only is the architect looked on by the public as a supplier of old fancy dresses for buildings, but too many architects are of the same opinion. The architect, in too many cases, is believed by the public to be like a comic actor, whose business it is to parody all the expressions of former national character—from Greek to Chinese—and not to give expression to our own.

Archæology is a charming science, of great interest to every one, and of the very highest importance to the historian ; but it is not only not architecture, but when it is used as a substitute it is fatal to it. Progress is the watchword of architecture, but with the archæologist it is the unpardonable sin. The architect's business is to improve on the past, the archæologist's to reproduce it, no matter how bad or ugly it be. The architect's canon is, that every part of a building is to be good in itself, and help to produce the proper effect. The archæologist's canon is to have precedent, *i.e.*, that the modern building has been taken direct from one built ages ago. The architect of those days may have been ignorant, may have bungled, may

have spoiled his building; but the archæologist is satisfied, perhaps delighted, if you can exactly reproduce these bungles. It is surely worth the deepest thought, earnest and vigorous striving, and strict self-denial, to get architecture again on the line of progress, if it be possible. I by no means say that it is possible; for the wheel of fortune turns, and science, that in Mediæval days was in the mire, is now at the top of the wheel, while art is in the mud. Democritus, the founder of the atomic theory, was a contemporary of Phidias; and Epicurus lived in the days of Alexander the Great, when the Temple of Diana of the Ephesians was rebuilt by Dinocrates. As far as I know, there is no *à priori* reason why art and science should not flourish together, although in later times we know they have not.

All the architectures that we now call "styles" could never have come into being if each nation had determined that Greek architecture was perfection, and no improvement in arrangement, construction, or æsthetics could be made. With considerable gaps there was a regular advance, at least in construction and arrangement, from Greek to Mediæval times; it was left to the Italian artists of the Renaissance to start a belief that Roman architecture was perfect, and that all mankind could do was to try and restore it, with the effect that architecture has hardly moved from that day to this. Many observers have been sagacious enough to see that architecture is practically stationary, though the fashions have been constantly changing; but it was only quite lately that the reason, or one of the reasons, for this has been discovered—that is, that the method was wrong. The Gothic revivalists were eloquent enough, and brought the fiercest invective to bear on the Roman and Greek models; but while they advocated the change of model, they were quite contented with the method.

The question is: How are we to get the genius, capacity, skill, knowledge, and taste, if there be any taste, of the present day, mirrored in our architecture? It is true we have the

sculptors and painters to help us ; but they can give us nothing of the present but animal and vegetable life, for the clothing of the day and the attitudes and groupings of the people are neither sculptural nor picturesque. As regards architecture itself, we must, I think, make up our minds what we want, and these wants are twofold, material and intellectual. Let us take the material wants first. Do we want a high-pitched roof for snow to slide off? or a moderately-pitched roof for rain to run off? or a flat roof? If we have a flat roof we cannot reasonably have a gable, and perhaps not a cornice. It is difficult to say whether a dome is to be looked on as a material or an æsthetic want. In a hot climate a dome not only gives increased air space, but looks as if it did, and may be useful to let in light high up, though a lantern will generally answer both purposes. It has been stated that this Byzantine feature was adopted by the Saracens as reminding them of their umbrella-shaped tents, which, if true, is an æsthetic reason ; but as to whether the dome is wanted to be best seen from the inside or from the out, is certainly an æsthetic question. If it be wanted to compose with the inside it forms no striking external feature, while if it is to be an external feature it will not compose with the inside. You merely see a gap until you are under it and look up.

Everything that is palpably unreasonable in a building is a blot. We can, to some extent, by care and knowledge, arrange that we have nothing wrong in constructive shape, in area, or in arrangement ; but all this I fear will not produce a building that raises high emotions ; but, on the other hand, we know what emotions the use of most buildings ought to evoke, and that is something. It is obvious that if we were to follow a strictly reasonable method, without any thought but for utility we should probably produce buildings that were very different from the existing masterpieces of architecture. Nature, in making everything purely for use, makes most things shapely,

and occasionally makes them beautiful ; but we by no means have Nature's gifts in this respect. If we used, as we must eventually use, iron and steel for those parts which are to bear great weights, great strains, or to bridge wide spans, and made the ironwork visible, we should not only find that these materials would take new shapes, but must give rise to new ordinances. Iron, pycnostyle, systyle, eustyle, and aræostyle, would be very different to those of marble columns with marble architraves. Shapeliness in iron must be reached by new proportions, and its enrichments must be different from those in marble on account of the exigencies of the material. Horizontal girders being the most convenient form that iron will take, vaulted ceilings will be superseded by flat ones, and flat roofs will be substituted for high-pitched ones.

All the large iron buildings yet put up have been merely for temporary or commonplace purposes, and have mostly been rapidly and cheaply done to meet some sudden requirement. They have not been called for by the nation for the purposes of magnificence, or for the highest ends to which buildings can be devoted, and so have scarcely entered the pale of æsthetic building. Sheds for the mere protection from the weather of people, animals, trees, or goods are not wanted or expected to raise any high emotion ; but if, as we all hope, the whole bulk of the people improve as much in intelligence, morality, and cultivation as they have materially, we may look forward to vast structures, not only "built for pleasure and for state," but dedicated to still higher purposes. When we have so wonderful material as iron to our hand, the mind almost shrinks from contemplating the possible sublimity of building designed for the nation by the highest talent, and for the purpose of exciting the highest emotions. We picture to ourselves their colossal size, their novelty and beauty of shape, their perfection of composition, and the exquisiteness of their detail, glowing, too, with the colours of enamel, while each building is gloriously adorned with

sculpture and painting. Even now the inside of the Crystal Palace is one of the most striking buildings in the world, although there was no attempt at building anything beyond a vast greenhouse.

I have the greatest possible confidence in the rising architects of the day, if they be not led astray by false teaching or demoralised by the desire of becoming rich. They have seen by travel many of the past triumphs of our art, and by photographs almost all the existing architecture in the world. They have in one respect distinguished themselves above the students of all other professions by their thirst after knowledge ; for they have not only taxed themselves to get it, but organised the only complete architectural school in the kingdom. As far as they know how, they have used every exertion to acquire that deep and varied knowledge that is wanted for the most exacting profession that exists. I doubt if the world has ever seen a failure when all have been striving to do their utmost, and it is at such times that genius mostly makes its appearance. Themistocles emerged between the first and second attempt of the Persians to conquer Greece and Publius Cornelius Scipio in the high tide of Hannibal's conquests.

If it be allowed to compare the present condition of architecture, of architectural aspirations, and of architectural instruction, with another time and a different desire, it may be said that Italy in the thirteenth century was precisely in the position that English architecture is now ; for then throughout the length and breadth of Italy each poet studied all the poetry he could find, and strove to create a language in which he could enshrine the stirring thoughts and actions of his time, and eventually Dante appeared. It was at the end of such a time, among a galaxy of poets and playwrights, that Shakspeare was born. If our nation continues to cultivate the virtues of wisdom, courage, temperance, and justice, whose practice has carried it so far, we may hope that it will shortly want splendid buildings

for the noblest ends ; and if the architects and students are still as eager, energetic, and persevering as they now are, that the great architectural genius will shortly arise who is destined to carry architecture on its new path, that by that time the nation will have seen the supreme importance of architecture to mirror its greatness, its virtue, and its culture, so that he may be able to create buildings worthy of his genius, and to found a school that will give to the world a succession of buildings of a vastness, an impressiveness, and an exquisiteness that will cast into shade and insignificance all the architectural triumphs of the past.

GEORGE AITCHISON, A.R.A.

*The Story of a Conversion.**(Continued from p. 166.)*

CHAPTER XII. THE OLD TESTAMENT APOCRYPHA.

The "Psalms of Solomon": Their General Character.

AFTER the complex and important "Book of Enoch," the discussion of which we concluded in December, the next Old Testament Apocryphal Book is that of the so-called "Psalms of Solomon." They were edited first by La Cerda, in the Appendix of his "Adversaria Sacra" (Lyons, 1626); again by Fabricius, in his deservedly well-known "Codex Pseudepigraphus Veteris Testamenti" (Hamburg, 1722); and more recently by Adolf Hilgenfeld, an exceptionally moderate historical theologian of the Tübingen School, in the "Zeitschrift für wissenschaftliche Theologie" (1868, Band 8). Hilgenfeld's edition is taken as a basis by O. F. Fritzsche, in his "Libri Apocryphi Veteris Testamenti" (Lipsiæ, 1871), whose text I have followed.

The eighteen psalm-like compositions to which the above title has been given by the blunder or caprice of some copyist or translator, neither present any internal evidence of having been composed by Solomon, nor directly or indirectly pretend to have proceeded from his pen; and it would seem that someone—nobody knows who—that was accustomed to call the canonical Psalter the "Psalms of David," gave to this other collection the name of the "Psalms of Solomon," merely from the idea

that Solomon, being the son of David, was a likely sort of person to have been the author of psalms, and therefore to have written these. Though presumably composed in Hebrew or in Aramaic, they have (as far as is known) been preserved only in Greek, in which they resemble the greater part of the later pre-Christian Jewish literature. The close resemblance, not merely in subject matter, but in details of phraseology, which exists between the eleventh of them and the fifth chapter of the Book of Baruch, has suggested to some non-Catholic writers (interested in giving the Book of Baruch a late date, as a basis of argument against its canonicity) that the chapter was borrowed from the psalm. But such arguments are the most incoherent of ropes of sand. Few things are more difficult than to determine, from merely circumstantial internal evidence, which of two similar compositions has been used as a basis in the other and is consequently anterior in date.* In this particular case the difficulty is enhanced by our

* It is, of course, comparatively easy to decide on what side the indebtedness lies when we already know which of two works first saw the light. If the coincidences are in such a case too close to be accidental, and one borrowed from the other, the later author must have had the earlier before him. That the earlier to have imitated the later would be a chronological impossibility. The possibility has, however, still to be taken into account that both may have been utilising the phraseology of some third writer earlier than either, or may have been drawing on a stock of common expressions the surviving fragments of which sound singular to us only because the literature, or the *usus loquendi*, in which they were familiar, has perished. An amusing example of blundering criticism from inattention to this contingency is given by Dr. Salmons, in his "Introduction to the New Testament." A Dr. Abbott, whose "Synopticon" and "Common Tradition of the Synoptic Gospels" (Macmillan, 1884) prove him to be an amateur critic, had noticed in the Second Epistle of St. Peter and in Josephus ("Antiquities of the Jews," iv. 8, 2, and Preface, 3, 4), certain phrases so closely similar that they must have had a common origin; and, rejecting the hypothesis that Josephus had read the Epistle, inferred that the author of the Epistle had taken the expressions in question from Josephus. This carried with it the conclusion that the Epistle was not a genuine work of St. Peter's, the writings of Josephus being subsequent to the Apostle's death. Dr. Salmons burst the bubble by showing that the expressions were derived from Philo Judæus, who was born shortly before the commencement of the Christian era. Analogous incidents are of constant occurrence in contemporary literature. Thus a few weeks ago a rival publicist accused the Duke of Argyll of wholesale borrowings from

not possessing the Greek, either of Baruch or of these psalms ; but it appears quite as likely that the inaccurately named "Solomon" borrowed from Baruch.

The "Psalms of Solomon" are, as Schürer says in his excellent "History of the Jewish People in the Age of Jesus Christ," simple and unpretentious compositions, pervaded by an earnest moral tone and a sincere piety. The style is, in parts, poetical prose, rather than poetry with its elaborately recurring strophes and correspondences. The ritualism and officialism of the Law and of the Pharisaic prescriptions, the *dikaïosunai pragmatōn* (xiv. 1), are felt without being obtrusive ; and along with such a characteristically Jewish trait (i. 4) as that the author thought himself righteous because he was prosperous and had many children, we have his admission that in his time the rich

him. The truth appears to be that both had taken expressions from treatises on Political Economy with which they were alike familiar.

Where we know the dates of publication, or can judge of comparative antiquity by the allusions or by more or less archaic character of style, it is possible, if allowance can be made for common borrowings, to decide who has borrowed from whom. Many translations of Homer, for example, have been made in the last two centuries. Their dates are given on their title-pages ; and if two translators coincide very closely in their renderings of particular passages, the inference is that the later was a debtor to the earlier. So, again, Dryden paraphrased parts of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" ; and a reader into whose hands parts of the paraphrases and of the originals happened to come, would be justified in concluding that Chaucer was the original, even though he knew nothing of the biography and bibliography of the two poets. He would be guided by the greater archaism of Chaucer's language. But where we do not know which of two documents is the more ancient, and where the language of the one is no more archaic than that of the other, it is impossible to decide which is the more original, unless the one exhibits an unmistakable *mannerism*, of which the other is devoid except in the quoted portions. Of all mannerisms, the most marked are those which belong to the poetic form. If in a novel, and as part of an apostrophe by the hero, we met with Byron's lines :

Bright be the place of thy soul !
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.
On earth thou wert all but divine !

—we should be warranted in inferring that the writer of the novel had taken the lines from Byron, and not Byron from the novelist, even if we were unacquainted with the respective dates of publication, and though in the novel the lines were printed as prose ; because it would be most improbable

were such wrong-doers that wealth was almost a mark of reprobation. He does not expect the restoration of Israel by human means, as the Judæans naturally did in the stirring times of Judas Maccabæus, but fixes his mind on the Messianic hope, and looks to the world to come to redress the inequalities of that which now is. He is evidently, therefore, a Pharisee ; but he does not deny free will, which Josephus seems to represent the Pharisees as doing ; for, he says (ix. 7) : " O God, our works are in the choice and power of our souls, to do righteousness and unrighteousness in the works of our hands." The predominant aspect in which he regards the Divine Being is as an object of love rather than of fear : the Lord is faithful to those who love Him in truth, who are patient under His discipline, who

that a prose writer should accidentally fall into the peculiar rhyme and metre of the piece just quoted. If, again, we had before us a translation of which the original was lost, and were in doubt whether a given passage had been interpolated by the translator himself, it might be possible, in the case of poetical composition, to remove the doubt by retranslating the passage into the original, since it would be genuine if rhythm, assonances, and alliterations then came out, which the process of translation had overlaid. In this way the genuineness of disputed parts of the Book of Enoch has been shown, by rendering them back into Hebrew ; which was first done by Halévy, and more recently by L. Goldschmidt (Berlin, Heinrich). But where such definite indications fail, nothing is left but conjectures which give no *solid* argument, but have to borrow it from other sources. For instance, we read in Jer. xvii. 7, 8 : " Blessed is the man that trusteth in Jehovah, and whose trust Jehovah is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out his roots by the river," *yôbhal, regio uvida*, "and shall not fear," or notice, "when heat cometh, but his leaf shall be green ; and shall not be solicitous in the year of drought, neither shall cease from bearing fruit." The passage is closely similar to another, in the Introduction to the Psalter : "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked. . . . He shall be like a tree planted by the divisions of waters, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season, whose leaf also doth not wither, but whatsoever he doeth shall prosper" (Ps. i. 1-3). Now, even if for the sake of narrowing the argument, we here put out of court the possible supposition that both prophet and psalmist were independently employing a common comparison, it is impossible to determine whether it was the text of the psalmist that hung before the mind of the prophet, or that of the prophet which was before the mind of the psalmist. All that can be said is that the manner in which the thought is presented in the psalm is more elaborate, as befits a more systematic composition ; and that Jeremiah, as his custom is, conveys it more picturesquely and abruptly ; but though the probability of priority is, therefore, preferably with Jeremiah, there is nothing definite to go on.

walk in the righteousness of His commandments, in the Law which He enjoined us for our life. The holy ones of the Lord "shall live in Him for ever. The Paradise of the Lord, the trees of life are His holy ones"—a new way of turning the metaphor. "Their plantation is for time æonian. They shall not be uprooted for ever, for the lot and the inheritance of the Lord is Israel"—not, obviously, the crude mass of the earthly Israel, but the spiritual Israel which God will sift out of it. The portion of the wicked, on the other hand, is She'ol, darkness and destruction. They will not be found in the day of the giving of mercy to the just, when their iniquities will chase them into the lowest Hades; for God chastises the just as a father, and for a time, but the wicked are lost for ever (Ps. Sol. xiii., xiv., xv.) again:—

"(7) The truth of the just is with God their Saviour: sin upon sin will not take up its abode in the house of a just man. (8) The just man searches his house throughout: to put away his injustice in his transgression. (9) He has made propitiation with fasting for his [sin of] ignorance: and has humbled his soul. (10) And the Lord purifies every holy man, and his house.

"(11) The sinner stumbled, and curses his life: the day of his birth, and its birth-pangs. (12) He added sin to sin in his life. (13) He fell, for evil was his transgression [*epesen—ptoma*]: and the ruin [*apolcia*] of the sinner shall not be made good, for ever [*anastesetai eis aiona*]. (14) And he shall not be remembered when the time comes for inquisition to be made concerning the just: this is the lot of the sinner, for ever."

"(16). But the fearers of the Lord shall be raised up [established, *anastesontai*] into æonian life: and their life [shall be] in the light of the Lord, and shall be eclipsed no more" (Ps. Sol. iii. 7-16). *

* That "the truth of the just is with God their Saviour" or "Keeper" may not be seen to convey any distinct meaning, unless it is remembered that the Hebrew word for "truth" is connected with firmness and stability of being and of status. The true, *Das Treu*, is the lasting: it is the *Verum*, the genuine and real; the *Alēthēs*, the inner nature showing itself, because the truth will out, and cannot permanently be overlaid—*alēthēs to me lēthon*, as Herakleitos said. In Hebrew it is 'emeth, that which is stable and assured. from 'aman to be fast fixed and give support. like an 'omnah or

The Date of the "Solomonic" Psalms.

The period of time to which these compositions belong is so clearly indicated by the second and the eighth of them that there has never been any controversy on the subject, as the other psalms look out upon the same situation and surroundings:—

Ps. ii. 1: "In [*i.e.*, written on occasion of] the arrogance of the sinful one [*hamartolos*], when with the battering-ram he overthrew the secure walls, and Thou didst not hinder. (2) Alien nations [*ethne allotria*] went up upon Thine altar: they trampled over it with their foot-gear in their arrogance. (3) Meanwhile the sons of Jerusalem polluted the holy things of the Lord: they profaned the gifts of God with acts of lawlessness. (4) Because of these things He said, 'Cast them far from me: I have no pleasure in them.' (5) The beauty of their glory was brought to nought: in the sight of God it was dishonoured utterly. (6) Their sons and their daughters [were led away] in calamitous captivity: the seal on their neck, as a token among the Gentiles." Agonised by these tribulations, the psalmist cried out (28 *b*) "Do not delay, O God, to visit it upon their own heads, (29) to give over the arrogance of the dragon to dishonour.' (30) And God was not slack, until He showed me his insolence stabbed on the dunes [*oreon*] of Egypt: set at nought on land and sea by the meanest; (31) his body destroyed on the waves with much violence. (32) And there was none to bury him, (33) for God brought him to nothing in dishonour."

Ps. viii. 1: "My ear heard affliction and the voice of war: the voice of the trumpet sounding slaughter and destruction.

pillar—to which St. Paul appears to refer when he calls the Church the *stulos* and *hedraioma*, the essential support and basis, of the truth (1 Tim. iii. 15). The word *stulos* is used of a pillar, considered not as an ornament, but especially as a support or bearing, and the *hedraioma* is the foundation or base of the *hedra* or homestead or abode, its roof-tree as it were or central tent-pole, without which it would collapse. The very idea of truth is stability, and the Church is thus represented as the stability of that stability.—"The truth of the just" is the substantial *energeia*, the current and force of their life and being, as distinguished from the ripples on the surface. The fruit and flowers may be nipped by an unkindly air, and temporarily hindered of development; but all that then happens is that their abiding and indestructible vital force takes refuge under the shadow of God's wings, until the tyranny be overpast.—As in other cases, the idea of *anastasis* is not to be taken as specifically equivalent to a corporeal resurrection. It means, more generically, a rehabilitation, and, indeed, involves not restoration merely, but further development and advance.

(2) The voice of a great multitude as of a wind strong exceedingly: as a hurricane of much fire rushing through the wilderness. (3) And I said in my heart, 'Where is God exercising judgment?' (4) I heard a sound in Jerusalem, the city of the sanctuary. (5) My loins were crushed at hearing it: my knees were loosed. (6) My heart was afraid, my bones were stirred [*etarachthē*]* like flax. (7) I said, they make straight their ways in righteousness. I called to mind the judgments of God from the creation of Heaven and earth: I justified God in His judgments from of old. (8) God made manifest their iniquities before the face of the sun: all the world knew the just judgments of God. (9) In secret places underground used to be their transgressions, (10) in provocation son with mother and father with daughter were gathered together; (11) each committed adultery with the wife of him that lived near at hand—concerning this they made compacts by oath with one another. (12) They were plunderers of the holy things of God: because there was no steward to hold them to ransom. (13) They defiled the altar of the Lord by all impurity; and with blood of uncleanness they polluted the sacrifices, as if they had been profane flesh. (14) They left out no sin that they did not commit more than the Gentiles. (15) Therefore God appointed [*ekerasen*, literally, mixed] for them a spirit of delusion: He gave them to drink a cup of wine, unmingled [undiluted], to intoxication. (16) He brought to them him whose abode was at the end of the earth, the mighty warrior: (17) 'He determined war against Jerusalem and her land. (18) The rulers of the land met him with rejoicing; they said to him, 'Thy journey has been the object of our vows, come to us, enter among us in peace.' (19) They made the rough ways smooth for his advance: they opened the gates at Jerusalem: they put wreaths upon her walls. (20) He came in as a father into the house of his children with peace: he set his feet there with great security: (21) he took possession of the fortified palaces, and of the walls of Jerusalem, (22) because God brought him in their delusion. (23) He destroyed their rulers, and every one that was wise in counsel: he poured out the blood of them that dwelt in Jerusalem like water of uncleanness: (24) he took away into captivity their sons, and their daughters, whom they had engendered in their profaneness."

These descriptions—prophecies they do not pretend to be—

*The allusion is either to the beating of the flax, in preparing it, to separate it into fibres; or to the swaying of the plants in the storm.

can refer only to the taking of Jerusalem by Cnæus Pompeius Magnus ("the mighty warrior," Ps. Sol. viii. 16) in the summer of B.C. 63. The cause of the intervention of Pompey, who in B.C. 67—62 commanded the Roman forces in the East, was a dispute respecting the succession to the Judæan throne, in consequence of which he was assisted by the adherents of one of the two competitors. The whole Judæan polity was in confusion. There was no genuine high priest, "no steward to hold to ransom" (Ps. Sol. viii. 12), the high priesthood, which could be held only by the descendants of Aaron, having been usurped by Jonathan the Maccabee and his successors; and 'the throne of David was made desolate,' the Royal state and dignity were desecrated by their usurpation by Aristobulus, in defiance of the divinely established principle that none but a descendant of David could be King of Israel (cf. *ante*, pp. 161-2, and XXI. pp. 68-9). Alexander Jannæus, who succeeded Aristobulus on the throne, committed the kingdom at his death, in B.C. 78—which read for B.C. 70 on p. 162—to his wife Alexandra, at the same time recommending her to rule by the help of the Pharisees, whose great influence with the people had been borne in upon him in the course of his cruel violence toward them. This advice she followed; and while she made Hyrcanus II., the elder of her husband's two sons, high priest, she sent the younger, Aristobulus II., an antagonist of the Pharisees, in command of a secret expedition against Damascus, his success in which conciliated the favour of the soldiers. On her death in B.C. 69, Hyrcanus ascended the throne, and Aristobulus, who had returned from the expedition against Damascus, left Jerusalem, collected troops from the outlying garrisons, returned at the head of an army, defeated the Pharisees at Jericho, took Jerusalem, and compelled his brother to retire into private life. Acting under the advice of Antipater, an Idumæan or Edomite noble and the son of Antipas the Governor of Idumæa under Alexander Jannæus, Hyrcanus sought an asylum with the King of the Nabathæans

of Arabia Petræa, whose troops defeated Aristobulus, and reduced Jerusalem with the exception of the Temple, the almost impregnable fortifications of which they were unable to capture. The two competitors—Hyrcanus, in possession of Jerusalem and of the surrounding country, and Aristobulus, still holding the Temple—appealed to Pompey's lieutenant, Scaurus, who (improperly, it would seem in view of the natural right of seniority) decided in favour of the younger. His decision does not appear to have taken complete practical effect, and a further appeal was made to Pompey himself, when that general, having defeated Mithridates, King of Pontus, humiliated Armenia, concluded a treaty with Phrates, King of Parthia, and reduced Pontus and the kingdom of the Seleucidæ to the form of Roman provinces, was holding his Court at Damascus to receive the homage of the neighbouring kings. Pompey reserved his decision, which was probably turned against Aristobulus by the bad faith of the latter, who took advantage of the absence of the Roman on an expedition into Arabia to prepare resistance by arms. While his preparations were incomplete, Pompey returned, and compelled Aristobulus to surrender the country fortresses he held, to come into the Roman camp, and to undertake that Jerusalem, the submission of which he sent one of his officers to receive, should be given up. The gates were at first closed by the partisans of Aristobulus; but on Pompey himself appearing against the city a dispute broke out among those within the walls. The party of Aristobulus exhorted to resistance, and on their counsel being rejected seized the Temple and established themselves there, while the others opened the gates, admitted Pompey's army, and delivered up to him both the city and the doubtless fortified King's palace. Hyrcanus "gladly assisted him on all occasions" (Josephus, "Antiquities," xiv. 4, 2) in the siege he proceeded to lay to the Temple, which fell in three months, on

the 23rd of Sivan, the day of the annual fast for the defection and idolatry of Jereboam. The officiating priests were slain while actually ministering at the altar, and Pompey and not a few of those that were with him intruded into the Holy of Holies, "and saw all that was unlawful for any other men, except only the high priests, to see" (Josephus). He respected his alliance with the high priest by leaving untouched the contents of the Temple treasury, which have been estimated as then amounting to two millions sterling; commanded the sacred edifice to be purified, and the sacrifices to be resumed; established Hyrcanus in the high priesthood, while forbidding him the title of king; joined to the province of Syria the outlying territories which had been conquered by Alexander Jannæus; imposed a tribute; and caused the walls of Jerusalem to be overthrown. He then departed for the north, taking with him Aristobulus and his two sons, Alexander and Antigonus; and after further arranging the affairs of the provinces of Syria and Pontus, proceeded slowly to Rome, where he naturally became the head of the senatorial or oligarchical party, against which the celebrated Caius Julius Cæsar was maturing his democratic designs. Their rivalry ripened into civil war, and after worsting Cæsar near Dyrrachium, Pompey was ruinously defeated in the great Battle of Pharsalia. He was still, however, supreme on the Mediterranean, where he had first won fame by clearing it of the pirates which infested it; and many of the Roman troops in Egypt, where his former lieutenant, Gabinius, commanded, were old soldiers of his. He therefore set sail for that country; but on his arriving off Pelusium, and intimating that he intended to disembark, the ministers of the King, Ptolemy Auletes, who was under the guardianship of Gabinius, resolved to assassinate him, fearing that he would take possession of the kingdom. They therefore made pretence that the water was too shallow for a ship to come to shore, and sent a row-boat to receive him. On its touching land he was stabbed to death as he rose to leave the

boat ; his head was cut off and taken away, and his body left upon the beach (B.C. 48).

It is manifest that the whole situation corresponds too closely with that depicted in the "Psalms of Solomon" for these to refer to anything else ; though it is at first sight singular that they contain no allusion to the incursion made in B.C. 55 by the Roman general, Publius Licinius Crassus, when on his way to make war against the Parthians, by whom he was defeated and put to death.* Crassus treated the feelings of the Jews better

* Tacitus ("Hist.," ii. 6) remarks on the subsequent ill fortune of the Roman generals—of Pompey, Cassius, Brutus, and Antony—who made war in the East. He also ("Hist.," v. 9) seems to imply that the Ark of the Covenant, on which were two images of cherubim, was not in the Holy of Holies when Pompey entered it : "First of the Romans Cnaeus Pompeius overcame the Jews, and entered the Temple by right of victory : thence it became commonly known that within the sanctuary contained no image of gods, and that the arcana were empty [*intus deum effigie vacuum sedem et inania arcana*]. The walls of Jerusalem were destroyed ; the Temple was left." "There was in the Temple," says Josephus ("Antiquities," xiv. 4, 4), not mentioning the Ark of the Covenant, "the golden table," the sacred seven-branched lamp, and the vessels for libations, and a great quantity of spices ; and, in addition, two thousand talents of sacred money : yet did Pompey touch nothing of all this." Either, therefore (1) there was, as is commonly said, no ark in the second temple, or (2) it had been removed to an underground receptacle, or (3) the cherubim were regarded by Pompey and his attendants as simple side-ornaments, and the absence of any central figure in the middle of the mercy-seat, toward which the cherubim were turned as if in adoration, was what gave rise to the report. It is curious that, in the fourth chapter of the same book, Tacitus should declare that the Jews had in the Temple an image of an ass, of the worship of which animal both they, and after them the Christians, were accused : "In order to bind the people to him in the future, Moses gave them rites which were new and contrary to those of all other human beings. Among them all things are profane which with us are sacred, and, on the other hand, what is prohibited to us is to them permitted. They have consecrated in the innermost part of the Temple the image of the animal by whose guidance they found their way and quenched their thirst in the wilderness, "while as if in contempt of" Jupiter "Hammon, they sacrifice the ram ; the ox also is immolated, because the Egyptians worship Apis. They abstain from pork, on account of the scab, to which the pig is subject—a disease which formerly befouled themselves. Their frequent fastings are an acknowledgment of the long famine from which they anciently suffered ; and of their robbery of corn, the Jewish bread, made without leaven, is a standing evidence. They say that they made it their practice to rest on the seventh day, because that day brought their toils to an end ; and afterwards, pleased with idleness, the seventh year was also given over to sloth." It is needless to point out in detail how topsy-turvy is the description of Jewish institutions here given by the Roman historian, who hated

at least in one particular, than Pompey had done ; for he carried away the contents of the Temple treasury. But the taking of Jerusalem by Pompey was the turning-point in the relations of the Jews with Rome. "It was *then*," writes Josephus, "that we lost our liberty, and became subject to the Romans" ("Antiquities," XIV., iv. 5).

A Captivity, and a Return :—Baruch and the Solomonian Psalms.

The unknown author of the "Psalms of Solomon" goes on to speak of the Jews being carried away by Pompey into captivity. "The lawless one," he says, "stripped [*erēmōsen*] our land of its inhabitants, and caused to disappear from it young men, and old, and children together [*alike*]; in his wrath and his pride he sent them away even to the setting of the sun" (Ps. Sol. xvii. 13, 14).* And again: "When Israel was carried

the Jews, and probably derived his information from some spiteful enemy of theirs ; but it is to be noted that the statements uniformly—at least with the exception of that about worshipping an image of an ass—rest on some distorted or misinterpreted basis of fact. The probability, therefore, is that the same is the case with the statement about an effigy of an ass being set up in the Most Holy Place ; and the heads of the molten images of the cherubim may have been mistaken for representations of the head of that animal. In the first century A.D., to which Tacitus belonged, there was evidently an idea among pagans that Judæism was connected with the worship of the Hittite and Egyptian god, Set ; for Plutarch, who flourished A.D. 80, recites (in his tractate, "De Iside et Osiride," c. xxxi.) an Egyptian legend that when Typho—another name of Set—was defeated [by Horus] in battle, he escaped upon an ass, and after a flight of seven days [compare the passage of Tacitus quoted above], when he had reached a place of safety, begat two sons, Hierosolymus and Judæus : which, remarks Plutarch, is evidently told to give an air of fable to the Jewish history. In Salvolini's extract from a MS. of Aix, on the Strength of Sosestris, Set is spoken of as an ass ; and Epiphanius, "Heresies," Vol. III., 1,093, says he was worshipped under the form of an ass. The same, indeed, might have been conjectured from the passage in Plutarch ; for when a deity is spoken of as borne or carried, or specially attended by an animal, the reason frequently is that the deity was previously (as in the case of *glaukōpis athēnē*, staring eyed Athene, and the owl) or even contemporaneously worshipped under the form of that animal. From this principle it has been inferred that because the Deity is spoken of in the Old Testament as riding upon the cherubim, God was worshipped under an ox-like form by the ancestors of the Hebrews, who "served other gods." On this and on Set, see *ante*, XIX., p. 218.

* I have followed Wellhausen's reading in the concluding words of this passage.

The expression, *ho anomos*, "the lawless one" *par excellence*, which here occurs for the first time, is celebrated. The reason is its occurrence in a

away into exile in a strange land, when they revolted from the Lord, their Redeemer; they were cast forth from the inheritance which the Lord had given them, among all the Gentiles; through the dispersion [*diaspora*] of Israel according to the declaration [*rēma*] of God" (Ps. Sol. ix. 1, 2). In addition, the author anticipates that this captivity, which he describes in terms applicable only to an extensive and predicted deportation of the greater part of the population, would be followed by a return as

well-known text in St. Paul's Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, which has been grievously misused in anti-Catholic controversy. The text is: "And then shall that lawless one [Douai, "that wicked one"; Authorised and Revised Versions, "that man of sin"] be revealed" (2 Thes. ii. 3). This last translation is the origin of the appellation, "The Man of Sin," interpreted by some fanatical and superstitious Protestants as referring to the Pope. The misinterpretation has been fostered by the vagueness of the translations and by the average reader's ignorance of or inattention to the Greek, the generic idea, "wicked man," or "man of sin," having replaced the more specific conception of *anomos* or "lawless man," i.e., man who ignored the Mosaic Law, which was to the Jews the foundation not only of their distinctive institutions, but of "natural" morality. The designation was peculiarly applicable to a Roman—to Pompey in the "Psalms of Solomon," or to Nero, for instance, in St. Paul—because Roman manners and institutions diverged more widely from Mosaism than the more Oriental customs of nearer nations.—*Anomos* is found nine other times in the New Testament. It occurs once in Acts ii. 13: "Him . . . ye have taken, and by lawless hands," by the hands of Roman soldiers, "have crucified and slain"; four times in 1 Cor. ix. 21, where St. Paul is justifying himself for conforming to Western customs where suitable: "I became . . . to them that were without law, as without law (being not without law to God, but under the law to Christ), that I might gain them that are without law"; and once in each of the following passages: "The Law is not made for a just man," i.e., for one who abides by it, "but for the lawless and disobedient" (1 Tim. i. 9), whose offences were the occasion of laws being made to check them, so that "the Law was made because of transgressions"; "just Lot, . . . vexed . . . with the unlawful deeds" of the inhabitants of the plain (2 Peter ii. 8); and, "He was numbered with the transgressors" (Mark xv. 28; Luke xxii. 37).—The word is of frequent occurrence in the Septuagint, the pre-Christian translation of the Hebrew and Aramaic Old Testament into Greek; and in Is. liii. 12, from which the last mentioned quotation is made, it is used as the equivalent of *poshe'im* the deserters, from *pasha'* to break, either in the physical sense, or, in the ethical meaning, of deserting a master or infringing a treaty. By translating it generically "the wicked one," or "the man of sin," the historical colouring of the word is entirely lost;—as, by the way, that of *drakōn*, dragon (first applied, as we have seen, to the Roman power, in the "Psalms of Solomon," and afterwards used in the same reference in the Apocalypse, because to Asiatics the Romans came from the sea), is lost when it is interpreted of a nation which does not rule in virtue of its maritime power.

triumphant as the captivity itself was calamitous. The passage where this return is anticipated is that on which the fifth chapter in Baruch is imagined to have been founded; and that hypothesis requires us to believe that the passage in Baruch, which corresponds to a real captivity—that of Babylon—and a real return, was modelled on a passage written when there was neither the one, nor, consequently, the other. The fact is—and it is at first sight a very curious fact when we put it face to face with the “Psalms of Solomon”—that the submission of Jerusalem to Pompey (who was not going directly to Rome to claim a triumph, and took away with him only Aristobulus and a few other prisoners), was not followed by any general deportation, which was, indeed, precluded by the relationship of amity and alliance in which the Roman commander stood to Hyrcanus. No captivity is even alluded to either by Josephus or by any other authority, and it could not fail to have been referred to if it had actually taken place. The author of the Solomonic psalms seems, therefore, to have committed a fault from which other interpreters of prophecy are not always free. He deepened the shadows of contemporary events, to extract from them fulfilments of prophecy; and he consequently applied expressions which had been used by previous writers with reference to the return from Babylon, to portray an imaginary return from a captivity which was itself imaginary.

The passage in Baruch (iv. 35—v. 9) is as follows:

“(iv. 35) Fire shall come upon her [*i.e.*, upon Babylon]. . . .
(36) Look round to the east, O Jerusalem, and see the feast-joy that cometh to thee from God; (37) Behold thy sons come whom thou sentest far away, gathered from the east even to the sunset [west] by [as a result of] the declaration of the Lord rejoicing in the glory of God [in the working out of the Divine Providence which had brought about their return]. (v. 1) Put off, O Jerusalem, the robe of thy sorrow and of thine affliction [*kakosis*] and put on the comeliness of the æonian glory that [is] from God [and not from mere secular conquest].

(2) Throw round thyself the double mantle* of the righteousness that [is] from God; set on thy head the crown [tiara; *mitra*] of æonian glory. (3) For God shall show to every country under Heaven thy splendour, (4) and thy name shall be called by God æonially, the Peace of Righteousness, and, the Glory of God's Reverence.† Rise up, O Jerusalem, and stand upon

* *Diploïs*, a cloak of honour: of double amplitude; with double woof; or woven with the web and the woof of different colours. The word is used in the Septuagint in Ps. cviii. [cix.], 27; in Job xxix. 14, "My righteousness," or rectitude, "was as a *robe*"; of the "little coat" made by Hannah for Samuel; and of the robes of honour of Samuel and Saul (1 Kings [Samuel] ii. 19; xv. 27; xxiv. 5, 6, 12; xxviii. 14). It is one of the translations of the Hebrew *me'il* (from *ma'al*, to decorate); which is employed also of the robe worn by the high priest over the ephod (Exodus xxvii. 31, xxxix. 22); and in Is. lxi. 10: "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, . . . for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He hath covered me with the *robe* of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself, like a priest, with a turban, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels." The metaphor here amplified is a favourite one with Jeremiah (ii. 32, vii. 34, xvi. 9, xxv. 10, xxxiii. 11), in the Septuagint translation of whose book the word *kahosis* (above) is found in Jeremiah thrice out of the eleven times in which it occurs in the Septuagint translation of the Hebrew and Aramaic Old Testament. The expression "comeliness of the glory," *euprepeia tes doxēs*, occurs elsewhere in the Septuagint, only in Jer. xxiii. 9, *euprepeia tes doxes autou*. Though in the prophecies of Jeremiah, Jerusalem is said to go up to the height, etc., (ii. 20, iii. 6, etc.), this is everywhere conjoined with going up for purposes of idolatrous worship. The idea of doing so to look for the return of her children belongs to a later, a repentant, stage of history; is first met with in Baruch, briefly sketched in the few words above; and is magnificently amplified in Isaiah. The mention of "the west" must not be supposed out of place in connexion with the Babylonian Captivity. Many of the Jews took advantage of Phœnician merchant ships to obtain refuge westward.

† Or, The Majesty of the Reverential Fear of God. The Hebrew would be *Cabhôdh-Yire'ath-'El*, and *Cabhôdh*, translated by *doxa*, glory, in Jer. xxxi. 18, etc., means literally weight, dignity. Peace of Righteousness, the first of the new names, would be in Hebrew *Shalôm -Tsedhaqah* or *-Tsidheqah*, which if the first syllable is written with a yod, as is sometimes done, would be numerically equivalent to *Yerûshalem*, Jerusalem. Jeremiah, whose amanuensis Baruch was (Jer. xxxvi. 4, 26; xlv. 1), expresses change of state by change of name in Jer. xxxii. 16: "In those days shall Judah be saved, and Jerusalem shall dwell safely; and this is the name by which she shall be called, *Yehovah-Tsidqenû*," i.e., the Lord, or Jehovah, our Righteousness. Similarly in Isaiah lxii., "Thou [Jerusalem] shalt be called by a new name . . . thou shalt no more be called *Azûbhah* [Forsaken] . . . but thou shalt be called *Hephtsi-bhah* [My Delight is in her]." In the second part (chapters xl.—lxvi.) of the Book of Isaiah, which appears to have been written B.C. 550—540, the earlier prophecies of Jeremiah, whose prophetic ministry extended from B.C. 624 to B.C. 586, have evidently been used. Baruch, who was promised that his life should be spared "for a prey"—snatched out of the lion's mouth, as it were—in all places where he

the height, and look round to the east, and see thy children gathered together from the settings of the sun to its risings, by the word of the Holy One, rejoicing because God was mindful of them [*tei tou Theou mneiai*]. (6) They went away from thee on foot, carried off by enemies ; God brings them back to thee lifted up with glory as a kingdom's throne. (7) For God hath ordained that every lofty mountain should be made low, and dunes of long continuance, and that gorges be filled up, to make the ground even, that Israel may go safely, by the glory of God. (8) And also the coppices, and every sweet-smelling tree, gave shade to Israel by the commandment of God ; (9) for God shall lead Israel with feast-joy in the light of His glory, with the mercy and justice that [are] from Him."

The symmetry and order of this short composition will have been noticed. Verse leads on from verse, and phrase from phrase, not in the least as if it were bound to the chariot wheels of quotations. Extended parallels to verses 7, 8, are met with in Is. xlix. 10, 12: "Neither shall the heat nor the sun smite them, . . . by the springs of water shall He guide them ; And I will make all my mountains a way, and my highways shall be exalted," and in Is. xl. 4. But the basis is to be seen in Jer. xxxi. 9: "I will cause them to walk by rivers of waters, in a straight way wherein they shall not stumble." The expression "rejoicing because God was mindful of them," or, more literally, "rejoicing in the mindfulness of God," refers back to Baruch iv. 27, "Ye shall be remembered of Him that brought these things upon you"; and, going farther back, to Jer. xxxviii. 20, Sept. *mneiai mnēsthēsomai autou* (in the Hebrew, Jer. xxxi. 20).

The corresponding passage in the "Psalms of Solomon" (Ps. Sol. xi.) is :

"Blow ye the trumpet in Zion with the notes that announce holy festivals: (2) make proclamation in Jerusalem with the

went (Jer. xlv. 5), became the amanuensis of Jeremiah in the fourth year of Yehôyaqim (Jer. xxxvi. 1), *i.e.*, in B.C. 604. If, as is probable, he was then a young man, and if his days were prolonged, he might have been a contemporary of the "Second Isaiah," as the author of Is. xl.—lxvi. is called, or might even have survived him.

voice of one that telleth good tidings : for God has shown mercy to Israel in [the day of] their visitation. (3) Stand, O Jerusalem, upon the height : and see thy children gathered together [*sunēnegmena*] at once [*eisapax*] by the Lord. (4) They come from the north in the feast-joy [*euphrosune*] of their God : from the islands afar off has God gathered them together. (5) He made low the high mountains for a level way for them : (6) the hills fled at their approach : the woods shaded them as they passed by. (7) Every sweet-smelling tree did God cause to spring up for them, that Israel might pass by in the visitation of the glory of their God. (8) Put on, O Jerusalem, the garments of thy glory : make ready the robe of thy sanctification : for God has spoken good concerning Israel, for time æonian and longer :—(9) That the Lord would accomplish on Israel and in Jerusalem the things that he has spoken : that the Lord would establish [*anastēnai*] Israel in the name of His glory : The mercy of the Lord is over Israel for the æon and longer.”

With this we take our leave of the “Psalms of Solomon,” and with them, of the Jewish Apocryphra written before the Christian era, of which they are the latest in date.

X. Y. Z.

(*To be continued.*)

(1) CLEVER (?) advertisements.

(2) *ANOBIUM ERODITUM*, the devouring bookworm, turns up its nose (and its toes) at Stickphast Paste.

(3) TWICE one are one—when joined with Stickphast Paste.

(4) "PASTES may come and pastes may go, but STICKPHAST sticks for ever."

(5) STICKPHAST Paste is not messy, sticks twice as fast as gum, and is half the price.

(6) NOT half bad stuff, Stickphast Paste!—it sticketh closer than a brother.

(7) A few £1,000 Bank of England notes cut in two and re-joined with Stickphast Paste will support a big and heavy man for the remainder of his natural life.

(8) "WHAT?"

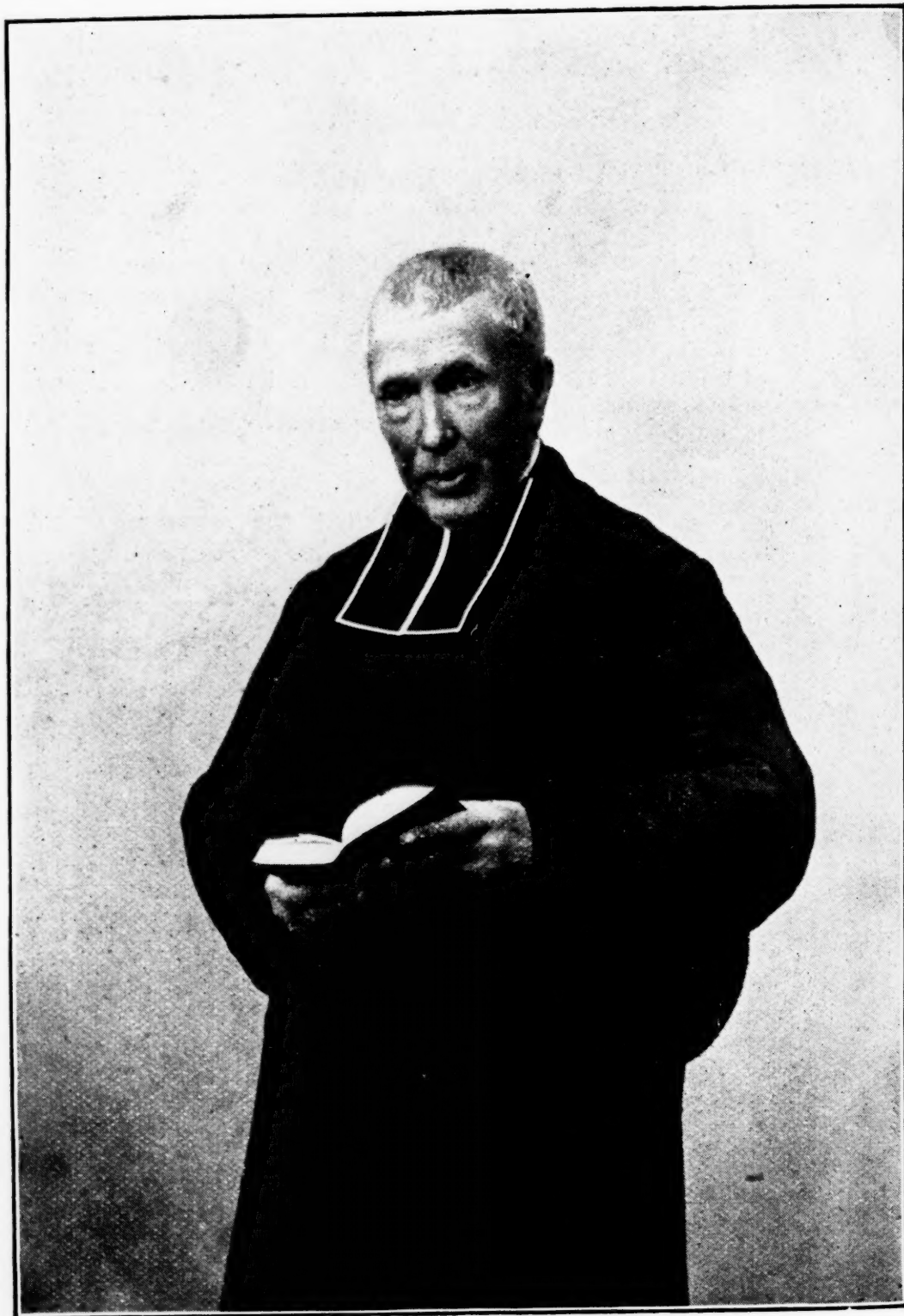
"I say that Ellen Terry ——"

"Yes, yes, you've said that Ellen Terry uses nothing else for sticking papers together, but *what* does she use?"

"Why, STICKPHAST PASTE, of course!"

(9) IF your Stationer does not keep Stickphast Paste (6d. and 1/-) he will procure it for you, or we will send a shilling bottle (including strong and useful brush) by Parcel Post on receipt of fifteen stamps. Factory, Sugar Loaf Court, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

(10) ANYBODY go one better?



THE ABBÉ LEGRAND.